PAGES

MISSING

Saturday, May 7, 1892

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Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Our English Letter.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

LONDON, April 20th, 1892.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

I think I never really took much notice of these arrangements for the public safety until after my return from Paris. During my visit to that charming city, I seemed to live in a sort of nervous fear of being run over whenever I went outside the doors. You will laugh at me, of course, but I don't mind, I never pretended to be strong minded like you, my friend. Moreover, it is quite a common occurrence for people to be run over in the streets of Paris, one can hardly take up a paper without reading of some accident of the kind. You know there is not the slightest effort made on the part of the police to regulate the traffic, and one great source of danger there lies in the fact that the streets all run at acute angles, so at the cross roads the vehicles seem to be coming from all points of the compass. In my opinion, the Parisian "cabby" is invited to run over people, for I was told that anyone who allows himself to get run over is liable to a fine for getting in the way of the vehicle. What do you think of that? I forgot to enquire who pays the fine if the offending party should get killed. You want to know something about new styles for the hair. My dear, I don't think there are any very new ones; the Greek style still holds its own, but of course there are any amount of variations to even that. In hairdressing, as well as dress, women will blindly follow the fashion, and quite grotesque some really pretty woman look with the Greek coiffure. For instance, I saw a very handsome girl with prominent features, whose hair was arranged in such pronounced Grecian style that her head had the exact appearance of a teapot. It requires a very well shaped head for the simple knot, so many faces require a longer style; but whatever style you adopt you must have the hair very much waved, and, if you do not wear a fringe, you could crimp it, and arrange it rolled back over a small pad. Little or no ornamentation, except jeweled pins, is worn now for evening dress. I see by the *Queen* that we are likely to have some changes in the fashions for gentlemen this spring, one of the leading tailors is showing some marvellous checks and stripes, and others are advertising suits in all the new art shades. Judging from this we may expect to see some of our ultra-fashionable young gentlemen promenading in the park attired in wondrous shades of green, blue, heliotrope, etc., etc. It will be a change certainly, although somewhat startling at first. I have come across such a charming little anecdote about a sweet boy of five, that I feel constrained to repeat it for you, knowing as I do, that you love children and their ways. This little fellow had been particularly tiresome all day and at night when saying his prayers his thoughts found expression in the following: "Please make Jack a good boy—he's been *awful* naughty—and if at first you don't succeed, try, try, again," Do not think me irreverent for writing this, certainly there is no conscious irreverence about such thoughts or expressions in a child's mind. The fact of Lady Randolph Churchill having had her purse snatched from her hand at Monte Carlo the other day, has once more raised the vexed question of ladies' pockets. Would it might lead to some practical result. It is all very fine for men to laugh and sneer at women for the way they take care of their purses. What is a woman to do with her purse? We are told it is the height of folly to carry it in one's hand, or to put it in a reticule which must also be carried in the hand, and as for putting it in one's pocket especially placed as they are at present quite behind one's back, I quite agree that it is only putting temptation in the thief's way. I am sure we women will be forever beholden to the man who will suggest a safe, practical and convenient way for a woman to carry her purse. I am afraid they will first have to invent a pocket which shall be at the same time pretty, safe, convenient and above all *fashionable*. I find it quite a trial that one must no longer have a watch pocket and I have a great affection for the old-fashioned chains with their bunches of "charms," as we used to call their numbers of little trinkets when we were children. These new little fob chains fastened to the waist with a brooch at one end and with the watch hanging at the other, will, I hope, only prove a passing "fad." This week I will give you a recipe for "Extraordinary Eggs." It is taken from quite a recent weekly publication although the title might lead you to think it was from my old book. "Divide the yolks from the whites of six eggs, strain them both separately through a sieve, sweeten the whites with sugar and add a tablespoonful of rose water. Tie the yolks up in a bladder in the form of a ball, and boil them until firm; then put the ball of yolks into another bladder and pour the whites around it, tie it up in oval shape and boil until the whites are set. Boil half a dozen eggs in their shells for ten minutes; throw them into cold water, remove the shells, and lay them round the larger one. When cold pour over them this sauce. Mix carefully a gill of cream into the same quantity of Maderia wine, add the juice of a Seville orange and sweeten to taste."

Annie Vaughan

Comparatively Speaking.

FATHER MCCOY, P.P.—Michael, I am pained to see this black eye. It looks very bad indeed. I am afraid you have been——

MICHAEL (*interrupting*).—Sure, yer riverence, if ye cud on'y see the eye Patsy Doolin has, ye'd think there was nothin' at all the matther wid moine!

Prominent Canadian Women.

No 6---Mrs. Nelson of Government House, Victoria, B. C.

The youngest daughter of the late Isaac Brock Stanton, Esq., was born in Quebec and spent her childhood there. She afterwards lived in Ottawa where her father was in the civil service. She was married in 1885 to the honorable Hugh Nelson, at that time a member of the Senate, but who has since 1887 been Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia.—[Ed.]

Emily Nelson

The Art of Packing.

The most careless of the scramblers, who begin by thrusting everything in pell-mell, without regard to probable breakage and certain crushing, will end by being skillful arrangers of a compact and solid mosaic, where things are made to fit so closely one into another that a glass ink-bottle is as safe from harm as the boots and shoes which flank it and the flannel that enwraps it. Such packers as these can put into the same box the most incongruous substances, and take them out unspoilt at the end. They will pack up a long-necked Florentine vase, so tender that it breaks at the least rough pressure, with some Venetian glass, all spikes and points and as fragile as the spines of the sea-egg, and in close proximity they will put in a few books, some boots and shoes (fine wardens these are, by the way!), a brush or two, a Sorrento olive-wood box, and all their daintiest dresses. And, when they unpack, their Florentine vase will be intact; intact, too, their Venetian glass, with all its spikes and points; their carved ivory, very nearly as fragile; their burly bottle full of ink; their tender laces; their fine gowns; their fairy caps and bonnets.

It all depends on the foundation. Many other things depend on that first foundation, from the contents of a travelling-trunk to a one-shafted tower. And whether your property is to come out made into "hay" from the one, and the other is to be as straight as a Greek column, or as far out of the perpendicular as those Bolognese architectural abortions, is mainly determined by that first layer on which all the rest is laid.

Where each cubic inch is of value the packer had better learn how to dovetail, to make all so tight and solid that the uppermost layer may lie loose—as the lighter parts of the wardrobe, say—and yet never move nor be crushed, nor come to grief, anyhow, though the trunk be turned upside down. It can be done. It is all a matter of practice, observation, and the capacity for taking pains and doing things thoroughly when you are about it. Your scientific packing keeps your property intact, takes up less space than others find necessary for about three-fourths the amount, and is a standing witness to your deftness and accomplishments. And the secret of it all is, protecting by careful enwrapping in soft materials all the fragile articles until you could almost play ball with them, and wedging in the heavy goods, like boxes and books, so that they would not stir if an earthquake shook the trunk.

So with dresses, coats, and light materials. You pack your dresses as tightly as you like. If you have but plenty of tissue paper among the folds, and taken care to have them smooth and straight, they will be none the worse for the tightness of the fit. Even velvet will not be harmed if you do not cram it in in creases, and do not put heavy weights on the top. It is here all a matter of smooth folding and plenty of tissue paper. The light things follow the same law, with a difference. If you crush a bow flat, well, then surely it will not stand up when you take it out of duress. But you can pull it out and put it into shape again if you have not creased it; and so with laces in caps and frills.

TEACHER—We cut grass now with a mowing machine; before that men used the scythe; what went before that?

DICK HICKS—Nebuchadnezzar used his teeth.

Literature.

"Great men have been among us; hands that penned and tongues that uttered wisdom."—WORDSWORTH.

Book Reviews.

RHYMES AFLOAT AND AFIELD, by William T. James. Price $1. Toronto: William T. James, publisher.

"Rhymes Afloat and Afield," is the title of a fresh volume of verse, which will surely be regarded as a not insignificant part of Canadian song. The book is full of incident and stirring scenes of life afloat and ashore. Mr. Wm. T. James, the author, shows by his writings that he has travelled considerably and turned to good account his knowledge of nautical matters. "A drifting Iceberg," "Land Ho!" "A Yachting Song," "Homeward Bound," "Heave the Anchor O!" and the following are good examples of this:

"ALL HANDS ON DECK."

When clouds brood on the sullen main,
Black with the portents of a storm;
When growls the furious hurricane,
Hoarse cries the watch below alarm,
And flights of slumber rudely check:
"Ahoy, below! All hands on deck!"

Inured to aught at duty's call,
In haste they man the tilting yards,
To furl the canvas ere the squall
That oft disastrous task retards.
When hailed, they comfort little reck:
"Ahoy, below! All hands on deck!"

From dreams of dear domestic joys,
These words have roused reluctant men
To dreadful scenes, whence they, like toys,
Were swept away,—and then—ah! then,
Weep, orphans, on your mother's neck!
"Ahoy, below! All hands on deck!"

The hulks submerged in every deep,
Whose timbers sailors' bones bestrew,
From centuries of halcyon sleep
Shall muster each its gruesome crew,
When summoned from the foundered wreck:
"Ahoy, below! All hands on deck!"

All who have experienced a gale at sea in a sailing vessel will recognize the fidelity of the description in the above poem. "Waiting," "The Squire's Rookery," "The Woods," "Wild Flowers," "Boots and Saddles!" "Sanctified Solitude," "Sorrow" and "Shifting Shadows," are among the principal poems which bear out the second half of the title of the book. We have chosen the latter for quotation, as being an idyllic picture of the lovers' tryst:

Zenith past, the sun is stooping
In the Occidental sky;
Parched with drought, field-flowers are drooping,
Earth and grass are bleached and dry.
Down the lane and through the meadows,
Quaintly limned of shrub and tree,
Stretch across my path the shadows,
Shifting, lengthening changefully.

Just without the straggling village,
Where the brooklet's drone is heard,
There our tryst, whence robins pillage
Vineyard harvests undeterred.
Close beside me, longer growing,
Till it interweaves with mine,
Looms a stately shadow, showing
Whose the semblance?—Dearest, thine!

An appropriate design in black and gold adorns the cover, the author's portrait serves as a frontispiece, and the book is neatly printed and bound.

With the Magazines.

THE NORTH AMERICAN for May continues Mr. Gladstone's article on "The Olympian Religion." Neither it nor the "Behring Sea Controversy" by General Butler and the Marquis of Lorne need any recommendation. The titles and authors speak. Every woman ought to keep up with the times and read "London Society" by Lady Jenne. John Burroughs whose charming bird stories, are so well known has a finished and poetic article on "The Poet of Democracy."

With such a capital story as "The Wrecker" going on, and such an extremely clever series as "The Reflections of a Married Man" no current number of *Scribner's Magazine* can be devoid of keen interest. The May number is no exception to the rule. One picks it up with joy and lays it down with reluctance. The beautiful soft-toned illustrations of Scribner's are always a feature. Ida R. Tarbell has a pathetic story called "France Adoree" very cleverly worked out. "Paris Theatres and Concerts" is still continued, and a novel article on "Sea and Land" by N. S. Shales, divulges some interesting facts and is prettily illustrated. "The children of the poor" by Jacob A. Rus makes the heart at once glad and sore, glad that there are unselfish people in the world to look after the sad-faced little ones, sore that there should be such utter misery among the helpless children. One naturally turns to the advertistising pages of Scribner's for where else are the humorous sketches of A. B. Frost? "Unter den Linden" is a most fascinating reminiscent sketch of Berlin, and royalty, and war, and the great ones of the German world. One little poem by Charles Henry Luder called "Mirrored Music" is so dainty and tender that it stays in the heart long after the Magazine is closed and shelved.

A LITTLE uptown girl, on hearing of a certain man who was 90 years old, remarked: "When a man lives as long as that I guess it gets to be a matter of habit with him."

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

Now!

If you have a friend worth loving
  Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him ere life's evening
  Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
  Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
  Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
  Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
  Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
  By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
  Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
  The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
  From a brother's weeping eyes,
Stop them; and, by kindly sharing,
  Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should anyone be glad
  When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
  Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis a wise man's saying—
  For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
  In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
  By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
  Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
  Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness;
  All-encircling as you go,
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver;
  He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end
  Your life will never lack a friend.

Elsie Sibbald.

"Gee Up!"

Chapter II.—*Continued.*

Had she dared, Nance would have taken measures to find his father, but she had not the least idea where Pete had found him and had been forbidden to mention him to any one. If a friend, for Nance had but few women friends, asked about him, she said she was a sister's child staying there for a few weeks.

Almost a month had lapsed since the night of the fire and its terrible ending for the Platers. A fearful snow storm had been raging for three days, and it was difficult for Nance and Jack to keep warm in the little kitchen.

On the third day of the storm Pete had been away since early in the morning, and Jack had passed rather a comfortable day as Nance was always kind to him, and he often forgot his sorrow when alone with her. Nance frequently thought of the poor parents and pitied them very much. She had made up her mind, that however dearly it might cost her, she would have a struggle with Pete and manage some way, to take the baby home. It was more than she could bear to see the dear child suffering and pining. It was nothing to Pete that days of sorrow had lapsed into weeks of mourning, with the people he had robbed of their priceless treasure. It was not in his nature to understand or even give a passing thought to the desolate, dreary despair of those unhappy parents, nor, yet the miserable little soul under his own roof.

The storm lessened a little, in its fury, toward the end of this third day. Jack was trying to play hobby horse with an old cane and Nance encouraged the pastime, as being a means of keeping him warm. The evening meal had been prepared and was only waiting for her husband; she flattened her nose against the window pane to look for him and saw the moving, flickering lights and watched the passing figures, each hurrying on its way.

Scarcely had she turned from her fruitless search by the window, ere the door opened wide. She had heard no knock, no voice; had there been either or both, the storm without had deadened them.

Into the little kitchen came four men, carrying upon a board the dead body of her husband. He lay there a horrible sight, the matted blood on his hair, his coat and flannel shirt deeply dyed with its crimson hue. The pale face bore in death an expression of distress.

The rough men pitied poor Nance, and in a brusque but kindly manner essayed to console her. They had shocked her with their rude entrance, but had thought of nothing else. She listened to their tale of her husband's death. The excited quarrel when drinking, which ended in the brutal use of knives, causing the fatal blow.

Weeping and moaning in her anguish, she threw herself on him, clasping close his form and kissing repeatedly the cold lips, unmindful of the gruesome signs of violence that rendered death still more horrible.

No one noticed a terrified little face, as the lonely baby crouched behind the large wood box. A pair of innocent black eyes had caught sight of the horrible looking spectacle and with an overwhelming fear, the little one, so tenderly reared, all forgotten, remained in the corner, glad to escape notice, but longing so bitterly for her who could soothe his every sorrow.

Chapter III.

After the humble little funeral, Nance determined to find Jack's parents. She said nothing to her friends or neighbors about the baby, but decided to go directly to police head quarters. There, without fear, she could tell her simple story, now that her husband was beyond the vengeance of any man.

Bringing out, for the first time, the bundles of clothes so carefully placed away, she dressed Jack in the pretty things he had worn when he came to her. It gave her great pleasure to brush out the golden curls, so long tied up, and to witness his keen delight at again having his red cap.

He had grown pale, but to-day in his excitement, a brilliant color tinged his cheeks, for Nance had confided to him what she intended doing.

It was the day before Christmas too, and Nance thought she would buy him some pop corn and perhaps a little wagon. Her means were very limited but she had learned to love the child and wished him to have, with her, one happy day to remember.

It seemed to Jack such an interminable walk, and ride too, before they reached the stores down town, and there Nance was nearly as much delighted with every thing as Jack himself. The pop corn was very much enjoyed after his long fast of sweets, but a red and blue monkey seemed more alluring than the wagon and he was soon its happy possessor.

His delight was boundless, and Nance lingered later than she had intended, led hither by the little "will o' the wisp." The afternoon had been bright and sunshiny and the crowds of people hurrying and bustling about, with numerous bundles, seemed eager and happy.

Nance was kept busy by Jack who was anxious to see everything. Fearful of losing him, several collisions occurred with half a dozen different people in her efforts to hold tight to his hand. The crowd and excitement rather dazed her, being totally unused to such scenes.

Finally, she feared it time to tear Jack away from all the beautiful toys, pretty, gay Christmas trees and happy looking children, but she had only to remind him of their errand when he trudged on quite satisfied.

They turned from the brightly lighted stores and walked several blocks. Nance was somewhat of a stranger in this portion of the city, and looking about in a hesitating manner, for some one of whom to enquire the way, she suddenly encountered a cousin she had not seen since her marriage. He was well dressed and from appearances seemed to be in more comfortable circumstances than had fallen to her lot.

Evincing in his manner a deep interest and cordiality, Nance felt in her lonely state both comforted and delighted to meet him. Her early impulse was to relate the story of her recent bereavement, and finding so kind and sympathetic a listener, her wound was opened afresh, while her tears flowed rapidly. Taking from her pocket a much-needed handkerchief, for the first time she let Jack's hand slip from hers, and for a few moments forgot him completely.

The child had become very much interested in watching the throng of people going up a broad, well-lighted pair of stairs, and, feeling at liberty, as Nance had neglected to again take his hand, he ran over to the open doors, intending to wait there until she had finished talking. Finding himself in the crowd he was, however, without any wish of his own, carried with them up the stairs. Several ladies noticed the child, for he was one to attract attention anywhere, and wondered with whom he came, but he seemed so unconcerned that no one thought of his being alone.

He followed them into a large, brilliantly lighted hall, hung everywhere with beautiful pictures, and as he gazed thoughtfully around he felt strangely familiar there. All those large paintings brought forcibly to mind his father, who not infrequently had made a companion of his little boy when visiting art galleries.

Feeling more at home he strayed around looking at such pictures as might take a child's fancy. Some romping puppies were very much admired, not to say envied. It had been many a day since he had found a play-fellow. Finally the little child's attention was drawn to the far end of the room, where a large picture, prominently hung, had attracted a number of interested spectators. Making his way where curiosity or, perchance, kind fate carried him, he found it impossible to see what so deeply interested them.

A large and handsome statue of Venus de Medicis stood near, and, climbing up on to the high pedestal on which the figure stood he had the advantage of a man over six feet in height. His ears caught comments on every side; references to "medals," "great distinction," "beautiful child," "grand execution," and many similar phrases. All this he paid no heed to, but, peering straight ahead, saw a little yellow-haired boy riding a hobby-horse.

Looking into a large mirror a half hour ago he had with childish vanity admired his red cap. Now it struck him with keen familiarity, bending the little body over in intense excitement and eyeing the picture for a full moment. How many times he had seen that painting; how many times he had strode that dear old hobby-horse, not because it was fun, but because his dear papa wished it.

The little frame tingled with pleasure at the recognition. Having no whip to flourish, off came the red cap, and in a sweet little treble, unmindful of the crowd, he called out in childish glee:

"Gee up! Gee up! Yes, Nance, it's me, and I's found myself, I is!"

Every eye turned in astonishment to the little figure perched high up on the pedestal, but it noticed none of them. They turned from him to the picture, and back again, and a little murmur ran through the crowd:

"It really is; it's the lost boy!"

The painting had won for itself great celebrity and popularity; its intrinsic worth having attracted the attention of critics, while the touching story in connection with it had appealed at once to the public heart. Jack Plater had found his tidal wave of success; yet it was but meagre consolation to the young man, who daily came to the exhibition, hungry for a look at his little lost son's likeness.

Jack was preparing to climb down, although having no idea of what his next step should be, but half expecting to see his father, now the picture had been found, and there was no astonishment in his face—only delight—when he saw, elbowing his way through the crowd, which instinctively stepped aside, the very one for whom he was wishing. Putting the cap again on the curls, he clapped his little hands and fairly jumped into the outstretched arms with a wild scream of:

"Papa!"

A few standing near saw the big tears well into Jack Plater's eyes, and heard the man's feverish tones as he whispered:

"My boy! my boy!"

By this time the excitement had become general, and there prevailed a universal feeling of gladness over the happy reunion of father and son; yet few eyes remained undimmed during the touching little scene. People stood respectfully aside for Jack, who, thinking only of Alice and his boy, held close his newly recovered treasure.

Going directly down stairs, he fortunately found waiting there a cab, which he engaged, and bade the man drive rapidly home.

He listened with hungry ears to the prattle of the baby nestled snug in his arms, and uttered a silent prayer of thanksgiving from the utmost depths of a heart made glad after days of suffering.

Giving the cabman an extra dollar he flew lightly up the stairs, cautiously opening the door. The bright coals burned in the open fire, but no lamp was lighted; baby lay sweetly sleeping in her cradle; two little well-filled stockings hung by the mantle, and Alice sat quietly in front of the fire, either asleep or so absent-minded that she heard nothing. Only an intense stillness seemed to fill the room.

During her month of anguish and daily, hourly chastening, Alice had grown thin and pale, with all the glad sunshine gone from her heart and eyes. Had she laid her baby in his grave she would have suffered deeply at the great loss, but not with this terrible uncertain fear. Had the Lord taken that which he had given her she would have grieved only for the living, but that unsatisfying, fearful anxiety of her boy's safety from physical and mental harm to the loving, sensitive woman had been an omnipresent and overwhelming sorrow and torment. Filling his little stocking with a feeling not to be repressed, she yet dreaded to think that on the morrow he would not be there to take out each little surprise in his own happy fashion.

She endeavored to turn the thought from her, and as she closed her eyes, seemed to see him in every chair and every corner of the room. Then she slept to dream he was home again.

Jack walked quietly in and, kneeling in front of his wife, placed their treasure in her arms.

"Alice, darling, see, our Lord has brought him back!"

She mechanically raised herself, and two precious little arms stole round her neck. Her tears flowed fast, and sobs broke the stillness. She believed, still feared; but, after all, she had dreamed it so many times that it was not wholly strange, only such sweet happiness as none can feel who have not deeply suffered.....

And Nance was not forgotten.

C. O. D.

Our Weekly Sermons By Celebrated Divines.

Written specially for the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

On Thinking.

Philippians, iv, 8.

One of the crowning characteristics of man is that he thinks. True, there appears to be a rudimentary form of thought in the lower animals, an adaptation of themselves to changing circumstances, a choice of particular means to accomplish particular ends which cannot be attributed to a blind unreasoning instinct. Darwin found something like thought even in a worm. He observed that the leaves which the worms had dragged into their holes had their stems pointed downwards, and in order to ascertain whether this was by accident or design, he scattered triangular bits of paper in the garden path, and found next morning that these also had been treated in the same way. The points were downwards as if the worms had deliberately chosen this way as the easiest.

And of course, we are all familiar with the more wonderful sagacity often displayed by a horse or a dog. But even these higher manifestations of thought on the part of animals are still vastly inferior to the achievements of the human intellect. The mind of man penetrates the secrets of nature, reviews all past history, contemplates the future, weighs the very stars, calculates their movements, and rises to the apprehension of the power and wisdom of God Himself. We have not only the power of individual thought but also of conveying our thoughts to others, and even of transmitting them to future ages, so that the sum of human knowledge may perpetually increase, and the human mind advance from generation to generation. It is this element of progression which, it seems to me, specially distinguishes the mind of man.

On the other hand we have to confess, that some men do not think, or at least, very little. They may indulge in lazy dreamings, not worthy of being called thought. Indeed it is marvellous how men get along and live a sort of animal life of eating and working and sleeping, and think about as much and as little as the dog at their heels. The hours of each day pass in mental oblivion, in intellectual vacuity. Their bodies alive and active, but their minds torpid or dead. Most of us know how possible, yea how easy, it is to walk down the streets to one's office or store, with one's eyes wide open, and yet with not one tangible profitable thought in one's head. Sometimes mental inactivity is needful, just as rest is for the body, but to be chronically vacant and dull is surely not what God intended when he endowed us with these magnificent powers which we call mind.

God has made us to think. He has given us brains as well as

muscles and He expects us to use them, and we may be sure of this, that as atrophy or helplessness is the punishment which follows this neglect of muscular powers, so incompetence, atrophy of the brain is sure to follow mental indolence. God commands us to think, "Whatsoever things are true . . . think on these things." And not only does He command us to think, but also to think on right things.

The importance of our thinking.—It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of having our thoughts engaged on worthy objects. Men are generally too careless about their thoughts. They say "what does it matter what a man's thoughts are so long as his actions are all right?" But the question is how long will a man's actions continue good if his thoughts are bad? Our thoughts are the seeds of our actions. We reap in conduct the harvest we have sown in thought and imagination.

Every act was once a thought.—It lived invisible in the mind before it became visible in the life. True, we sometimes speak of men acting thoughtlessly, but what we mean is that their thought was immature and ill-digested, we do not mean that he did not think at all. Moreover though every act may not now be traceable to its origin in a definite thought, yet we may be sure it had such an origin. A man walks down the street, he is not conscious of his action, he does not deliberately think of moving his feet in a certain definite order or poising his body upright on his feet, but he thought of it all once. It gave him great labor, and possibly some pain, and many falls to acquire in his infancy this habit of walking and to-day his easy, careless graceful motion is the result of that early thinking and laborious effort. So it is true of every other habit which we form—habit of mind as well as habit of body—for we form mental habits and come at last to think without thinking, that is without conscious effort. We speak without thought, we act without thought, but thought and speech and act are the result of former thinking. Spiteful actions result from spiteful thoughts, hasty words from hasty thoughts, kind and loving deeds from loving thoughts.

The steam engine was once a thought. The germ of it lay in young Watts' wonderment over his grandmother's steaming kettle, and through the successive thinking of various minds it has grown into its present perfection.

This building was once a thought. It existed in the determination of the people to do what they could for God and His cause. It grew in the mind of the architect who planned it, and in its present unfinished condition it represents the yet unrealized thought and expectation of this people.

Our salvation was once a thought. It existed in the heart of God before it found expression in the life and death of Jesus Christ. He was the Logos, the Word of God. He came on earth to realize God's thought in the hearts and lives of men. And so of each and all of life's actions, small and great, they all are born of thought, little as we may be aware of it.

Moreover since every act was once a thought if follows that *Every true thinker is a worker.*—The architect who designs the building and draws up the specifications works as truly as the laborer who carries the hod. The one works his brain and the other his muscles. He who gives to men nobler and just ideas, he who widens the range of man's vision, he who ministers to the deepest yearnings of man's spiritual nature, surely he deserves the name of workman as truly as he does who caters to the need of mens' bodies. There is an idea among some that ministers and teachers do not work. Work according to these people is always manual labor. If a man makes a suit of clothes or builds a house he is a worker, but if another man labors to build up and adorn the spriritual man he is a loafer. They will willingly pay for a pair of shoes for their children, or even buy a ticket for the skating rink, but they morally hate to pay the school tax and pew rents are an abomination. The parson especially is a useless sort of animal and simply lives on the silly credulity of people who know no better. Now I need not tell you that I think differently. If I did not believe that I could as truly work for men in the pulpit as I could in any other occupation I would change my business. But I believe that he who labors to save and enrich the souls of men works as truly as he who toils to feed or clothe men's bodies. Aye and more so, and to more and higher purpose! For when the body shall be decayed, when it shall fall as the useless scaffold of a building that being finished needs it no more, then the soul shall arise resplendent in heavenly glory. He who helps to mould that soul into forms of divine beauty, he is the great worker, for he works on the imperishable, the God-like element in man.

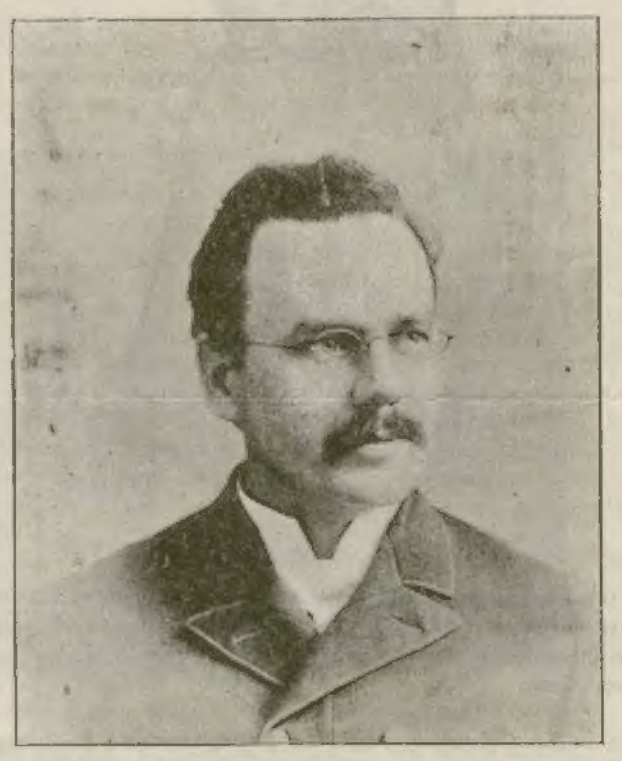
Christ was a carpenter until He was thirty-six. He was about His Father's business then, nor did he leave it to become a useless non-producer when he became a preacher. Nay, but it is this, His spiritual work that lasts and shall yet regenerate the world. The works of His hand they perished in the using.

But we must pass on and notice next that *thought developes character.*

Some one has said that men sow an act and reap a habit, they sow a habit and reap a character." A man's character is the sum of all his various habits, and as every habit springs from an act, or repetition of acts, and every act was once a thought, so a man's character is the product of his thinking. Hence the Bible says "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." This is a solemn truth and we do well to remember it. Forgetting it men often indulge in thoughts which they would never dare utter in words. They imagine that they are doing themselves no harm, while all the time they are moulding themselves in the line of their thought. Thoughts often cherished have a marvellous tendency to repeat themselves, intruding often when least expected and even when least wanted. Did you ever notice that you cannot think of A, B, and C without the mind passing on to D? Did you ever notice that you cannot stop in the midst of a line of a familiar hymn without the mind running on to finish the line? "Before Jehovah's awful—" who did not think of "throne?" And why thus? Simply because you have always been accustomed to associate these words together in your mind. You have formed a definite habit of thinking in regard to them, and now you cannot help it. You are not free to stop when you like. You cannot control thoughts as easily as you can bodily actions. If a man has been accustomed to steal he may easily keep his hands out of his neighbor's pockets, but he cannot so easily keep from thinking about it, and how nicely he could do it if he only wanted. If he has been in the habit of swearing he may with great difficulty keep the oath from escaping his lips, but he will find it vastly harder to keep it from coming to his mind. The lacivious man may quit his lewd acts, but nothing short of omnipotent grace can save him from lewd thoughts and unclean imaginations.

Mental habits are more tyrannical than physical. Sins of thought are hardest to overcome. There is no bondage so complete as when the soul is enslaved to evil thoughts. There is no man so much to be pitied and prayed for as the man into whose mind crowd vile imaginations and impure thoughts, that like unclean devils come unasked and undesired, to claim again the indulgence which they once enjoyed. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." There never was a truer word spoken. Think good thoughts and you will become good, think bad thoughts and you will assuredly become bad.

But more than that. Not only does thought develop character—*Thought is character.* By which I mean that our thoughts themselves have a moral quality apart from their efforts on us or others. "The thought of foolishness is sin," we are told. Not the foolish act alone, but the very thought of it. Again, we read that "the thoughts of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord." "He that looketh upon a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." "He that hateth his brother is a murderer." "Thou shalt not covet," the old commandment said. It is not necessary that men should steal, or commit adultery, or murder, or do anything else that's bad. God judges man not by what he actually does, but by what he would like to do. A thous-



W Henry Warriner.

and influences may operate to check the expression of a man's desire. Sins, black as hell, may be cherished in men's soul that never see the light of day. Men who are guilty of robbing and adultery and murder in their hearts may be fair enough in outward conduct and pass for good respectable citizens, while some poor drunkard disgraces himself because his fault is seen. Though in God's sight bad as it is, it is innocence itself compared with their offences.

God "looketh upon the heart." He knows our "thoughts afar off." And He judges us not by external standards of conduct but by our real selves. The real man is not outside but inside. His true self revels in thoughts, feelings and imaginations, and those are the things which are "naked and open to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do."

Realizing, then, these solemn truths, we must surely feel how necessary it is to *suppress all unhallowed thoughts.* We can appreciate the exhortation of Solomon when he says "Keep thine heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life." We shall need all diligence, for evil thoughts come to us unbidden and undesired. Suggested by what we see or hear around us and awakened by associations over which we have no control. Satan entered the garden of Eden and polluted the innocent mind of Eve. Yea, he even tempted Christ, suggesting the possibility of wrong doing even to Him. We are in a world of temptation. If sin be not within us it is all around us seeking every opportunity of entering our hearts. Unhallowed thoughts may be suggested even to the purest mind. What we have to do is to bid them depart, to resist the temptations of the wicked one. To suppress the evil at its first appearance and crush the viper's egg before it is hatched in evil desire and cherished plan.

It is not only when we "give place to the devil," when we welcome evil thoughts that we become partners with hell.

But if we would successfully guard against evil thoughts, we must do something more than this, we must "overcome the evil with the good," we *must cultivate every good and holy thought.* "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," and he finds it all the faster when the head is as idle as the hands.

The evil spirit cast out of the man returned and found the house "empty, swept and garnished," and forthwith went and "brought seven other spirits more wicked than himself." If the house had not been empty he would not have been encouraged to come back. It is the vacant mind that like an empty house is haunted with evil ghosts. Idleness is the mother of iniquity. Most of the men lodged in our jails were out of employment when they committed crime. Give the mind wholesome employment. Fill the house with spirits of kindness and purity and heaven and then there will be no room for the evil spirit.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise think on these things."

The Religion of Christ is not narrow. It forbids no wholesome pleasure, all things beautiful and lovely, in the earth and air and and sky are yours, for you to think upon and enjoy.

Why should men feed on carrion when there is so much that is wholesome to enjoy? Why should they make their minds the dumping-ground for the devil's scavangers when all heaven knocks for admittance? Oh, let us enjoy the sweet fragrance of the flowers, the beauty of the landscape, and the glory of the heavens. Let us contemplate the true and heroic, the kind and lowly in human life. Let us read wholesome books. Let us cultivate helpful companionships. Let us gaze upon that face which is "fairer than the sons of men" and sit at the feet of Him who is not only "wisest among the mighty and mightiest among the wise" but "meek and lowly of heart" as well, and who to make us like God, himself took our nature and gave his life for us. Let us open our minds to all the sweet influences of the spirit of God, so shall we grow like God true and honorable, just and pure and lovely, too. Finally if we would have our thinking do the most good to ourselves and others we must see to it that our

Holy thinking finds expression in holy living.—That is what the apostle means when he says "think of these things" for he uses a word which means to calculate, to reckon, that is to think in order that we may do. If there be anything true or honorable, do not be content with simply meditating on them in selfish spiritual enjoyment but plan to be or do them. If some day your heart is tender and full of kindly thoughts to the poor and desolate, do not be content with simply thinking kindly, and flatter your soul because you are not quite devoid of pity, but go at once and find some way of giving practical and Christlike effect to your thoughts.

If you meditate on some noble character in history, do not be content simply to admire this nobility in another and at a distance, but seek to make it your own, to realize it for yourself in your own daily life and in the place where God has put you. "Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long." Welcome sweet thoughts, holy thoughts, great thoughts! Welcome them as angels from heaven, and let them take you by the hand and lead you away from all impurity and all selfishness, and into all holy and Christlike living. So shall the peace of God be with you now and ever more.

Rev. William Henry Warriner M.A., B.D.

The subject of the following sketch was born in 1853 in Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, England. His parents were members of the old Congregational Church there, and their son united with that Church at the age of fifteen. In the year 1871 he came to Toronto and immediately joined the Northern Congregational Church on Church Street. As a Sunday School Teacher in a Mission School and as a member of the Bible Class, in the Northern the qualities of head and of heart which so signally mark him now marked him then—intensity, activity, industry, determination to know, to attain, to succeed in goodness and in usefulness.

Accordingly in 1873 he entered College with a view to devoting his life to the work of the ministry. He graduated in four years from McGill College taking first rank standing, and carrying off the gold medal in English Literature. The following year he completed his Theological course in the Congregational College, where also he distinguished himself taking the Historical Theology medal. It is needless to say that he was a general favorite with both students and Professors.

His first Pastoral charge was in Yorkville, in 1878 as Pastor of the Congregational Church there. He removed thence to Bowmanville in 1882, and then in 1890 to Zion Church, Montreal. Since his oversight of that Church began it has witnessed a great growth in numbers, efficiency, and power.

During these years of earnest, faithful, and fruitful pastoral labors, Mr. Warriner remitted none of his diligence as a student but pursued systematic courses of study in different departments of knowledge. To him, then, the College Board turned to fill the position of Professor of Biblical Literature—the duties of which he continues to discharge with credit to himself and with entire satisfaction to the students and the College Board.

Specially at home in English Literature, thoroughly versed in Hebrew studies, a botanist of no slight note, a genial sunny spirit, an unwearying courageous worker, a Christian man, a loving and beloved minister—God spare him long to his adopted land and to the Churches of which he is so honored a servant.

—A. S. McGregor, his College Class-mate.

In this series have already appeared:

Dec.	26th,	1891:	Rev. Benjamin Thomas, D.D., Toronto.
Jan.	2nd,	1892:	Rev. Chas. Mockridge, D.D., Toronto.
"	9th,	" :	Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., Toronto.
"	16th,	" :	Rev. W. Rainsford, D.D., New York.
"	23rd,	" :	Rev. Joseph Wild, D.D., Toronto.
"	30th,	" :	Rev. S. M. Milligan, B.A., Toronto.
Feb.	6th,	" :	Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, Toronto.
"	13th,	" :	Rev. Prof. Clarke, F.R.S.C., Toronto.
"	20th,	" :	Rev. S. P. Rose, Montreal.
"	27th,	" :	Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Toronto.
March	5th,	" :	Rev. Wm. Cochrane, D.D., Brantford, Ont.
"	12th,	" :	Rev. H. F. Bland, Quebec.
"	19th,	" :	Rev. James Watson, Huntington.
"	26th,	" :	Rev. Manly Benson, Toronto.
April	2nd,	" :	Rev. John Burton, M.A., B.D., Toronto.
"	9th,	" :	Rev. W. T. McMullen, D.D. Woodstock.
"	16th,	" :	Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A. Toronto.
"	23rd,	" :	Rev. James Henderson, M.A., Toronto.
"	30th,	" :	Rev. R. Tiefy, B. A., Toronto.

Society Doings.

"What the world of fashion is doing."

MRS. GRAHAM'S At Home last Saturday was most successful and largely attended. This amiable lady and her daughters are deservedly popular.

MIGNON NO. I.

A VERY pretty bride, in a very cosy home, is Mrs Geo. Baird of Surrey Place, *nee* Miss Minnie Worden. Lots of nice people ring her door-bell Tuesdays.

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MRS. Boisseau has lately removed from down town to 503 Sherbourne street, where she dispenses the same cheery and hearty hospitality as before to her many friends.

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APPENDED will be found a portrait of Miss Agnes Knox, the well-known professor at the University. Miss Knox lately returned to Toronto from a visit to Scotland.

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THE Minstrels at the Academy last week were a great success. Good houses and a very fine entertainment were the result. The

MISS LAURA NORRIS "OF OURS."—(MRS. GIBSON.)

electric light surprise, in the March of the Red Hussars was most amusing and unique.

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THE event of the week will be the Toronto Fencing Club's Fencing and Dramatic entertainment of May 4th, under the direction of Mr. R. B. Malchien *Maitre d'armes*. The committee is strong and has lots of social influence so that a delightful house may be looked for. The names of the members are as follows: Mr. John Sloan, Mr. Walter Reid, Mr. W. G. A. Lambe, Mr. Robert Myles, Mr. Ed. Currie, Mr. E. R. Parkhurst, Mr. A. D. Cartwright, Mr. C. B. Jackes, Mr. Bruce Brough, Mr. A. McLean Macdonnell, Mr. Jas. Hay, Hon Secretary. As we go to press before the evening of the entertainment, I must leave details until next week.

***

THE Vocal Society Concert on Thursday the 28th was made extremely interesting by the presence of Miss Attalie Claire, a Toronto lady, who has won fame and fortune at one bound, so to speak. Miss Claire, whose competition and triumph over Lillian Russell are town talk, is a winsome and a clever singer. She did not do as well as she can on Thursday, owing to a severe cold which she caught on the train, but her singing created much enthusiasm. Miss Claire wore some elegant diamonds and received many floral tributes. The people of Toronto can afford to be proud

BOOTLES AND HELEN GRACE.

of this daughter of our city. Miss Claire goes to England in a few days for some months' study, and will doubtless come back ready for futher conquests. We shall publish her portrait in our next week's issue.

***

A NUMBER of society people are getting together a committee, and beginning arrangements for holding an old English Fair, in the fine new St. George's Society buildings on Elm street. Mrs. J. Herbert Mason has consented to act as president of the committee and the other well-known members are Mrs Philip Drayton, who so successfully helped to engineer the Infants' Home entertainment last fall, Mrs. S. G. Wood, of Pembroke street, Mrs. W. E. Wellington, a most bright and energetic manager, Mrs. Barlow Cumberland, Miss Amy Mason, and Miss Kate Symons, Mrs. Beardmore, Mrs. John Cawthra, of Beverley street, Mrs Gooderham, who is living just now at the Queen's, Mrs. Justice F. Osler, of 35 Avenue street, and Mrs. G. T. Dennison, of Haydon villa, Dovercourt Road. This is a mighty committee and should carry all before them, representing as they do, the tact, wealth, brains and beauty of our city in a very marked degree. Booths and fancy tables, music, refreshments, and all sorts of funny and amusing entertainments will constitute the bill of fare which the ladies offer. The effort is made at the invitation of the Society to furnish the new St. George's Hall.

***

ONE of the most charming little *cliques* in Toronto is a French club known as the "Owls," which meets on Saturday evenings to chat over topics of the day in "*la belle langue*." This club has no rules, no fees, no settled meeting place, the different members take turns in playing host, and from week to week the merry work goes on, the improvement in conversational power is marked at the end of the season, and as most of its members have made or intend to make the grand tour, the club has in a marked manner combined amusement and usefulness. Among the members are Dr. and Mrs. Graham, Miss Graham, Miss Aikens, Miss Wilkes, Mrs. Tackaberry, Mrs. Fox, Miss Brown, Miss Baker, Miss Hettie Hamilton, Miss Susie Ellis, Mr. J. W. L. Forster, Mr. H. Mason, Mr. Rowan, Mr. Bourlier, Mrs. Alfred Denison, Madame and Miss Chopitea, Monsieur and Madame Coutellier Mr. and Mrs Clarke, Mrs. Proctor, Mr. J. Enoch Thompson, and Miss Amy Thompson, Mr. Charles and Miss Catto, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilson, Miss L. and Miss Nellie Gordon, Monsieur Tesson, Herr Friedewald, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Brown, Mr. Roswell, Mrs. Haldenby, the Misses Howson, and several others. Last Saturday Madame Chopitea of 22 Wellington Place, received the Owls.

THE Royal Grenadiers Entertainment this year was in every way a marked success. Good acting, pretty scenery, lovely women and handsome costumes, made the play of "Bootles' Baby" what it should be, picturesque and interesting. Mrs. Cameron, one of the handsomest women in Toronto, looked charming as the match-making and amiable widow, Mrs. Smith, her *petite* sister Mrs. Gibson, was easy and naive in manner, distinct in enunciation and very successful in her attractive *role*. Miss Francis played a deli-

SAUNDERS.

cate and difficult part. Her stage presence was fine, and her expression perfect. Of "Miss Mignon," suffice it to say that she rivals the famous child artist, Gertie Homan, and her pretty voice and taking gestures were beautifully natural. Floral tributes were offered to each of the fair performers. It would never do to omit the capital presentation of "Humpty Dumpty" by Miss Shanly. For the gentlemen, Mr. Harry Boddy took the difficult *role* of Bootles in his usual finished style. One rather prefers Mr. Boddy in a less serious *role*, light comedy, and society man being his *forte*. Mr. Ricketts captured the house with his inimitable valet, Saunders, Mr. Gwynne made a good Military Doctor, and Mr. Rutherford an excellent Irishman. Captain Gibson received a tribute of unmistakable worth to his acting of the cruel husband, being heartily hissed by the gods. The most praise, to my mind, falls to Mr. Ernest Wood, who took the part of Captain Lucy, "the fellah who's not such a fool as he looks." He was certainly lacking in wit, but he was also a likeable and honorable gentleman, who would command the love and respect of many a wiser man or woman.

BOOTLES AND MIGNON.

Mr. Wood took the *role* on short notice, and sustained it in finished and artistic manner, showing remarkable ability. Lieutenant Thompson had not much to do but look handsome, but he did that to periection. It is a long time since I have seen an amateur performance equal to "Bootles' Baby." The boxes were occupied by Colonel, Mrs. and the Misses Dawson, the Misses

MRS. CAMERON.

Rutherford, Mrs. Manning and party, Mr. and Miss Hodgins, and several officers of the Grenadiers. Among the audience I noticed Col. and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Capt. and Mrs. Pellatt, Capt. and Mrs. Miles, Mr., Mrs. and Miss E. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Croil, Mrs. Charles O'Reilly, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Janes, Mr. and Mrs. John Wright, Mrs. F. C. Moffat, Capt. and Mrs. Jack Hay, Mr. and Mrs. S. Haas, Capt. Davidson, Mr. Crowther, Mr. J. Macdonald.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

A Very Ordinary Life.

She was a very ordinary woman. Not in any respect like the regulation heroine. She was pale, thin, and sallow, neither old or young. Her grammar was not above reproach. Her position was below par. I am sorry myself, but then if she badn't chanced to belong to that great army, I might have never met her and you would never have heard her little story. From our first acquaintance with her, Mrs. Sellars used to allude to some one as "He." We subsequently discovered this being to be Mr. Sellars, an individual endowed with all the trouble-giving propensities and none o the delightful mystery surrounding "She" of Rider Haggard renown. There was nothing mysterious about Mr. Sellars, he was merely one of that large class of ne'er-do-wells. A shiftless, weak, lazy creature, generally idle, and two-thirds of the time drunk. We used to wonder how she put up with him, and admired the patient uncomplaining way she lived her weary life, bravely trying to hide his faults. We wondered at her still more when one day, after she had known us some time, Mrs. Sellars gave us her private

AGNES KNOX.

history. She had come for the clothes, while she rested for a few minutes she began to talk. Her voice and accent are indescribable. "He's out of work just now and I do want the money real bad if you could let me have it in advance. He was offered work loading coal at the wharf this week. but somehow I guess he was in hopes of something else, for he didn't go. My son in the country sent me some eggs and a piece of pork from his place this week. It were a real help, times are pretty hard now. Oh! yes, didn't I never tell you I had other children than these? Why there was quite a family of them. They are real warm men now, them two, living out there," with a comprehensive wave of her bony toil-worn hand, "on their farms."

"Why, I was married pretty young at first and had two sons. My husband owned a big farm and worked real well at it. We didn't want nothing in those days. My man died when the boys were quite small and left the farm to me for life. We got on real well for about two years and then I met him, Sellars. He had been in the war, you see, and looked quite the gentleman in his grand uniform, and him a fine good looking fellow then as ye'd see any where.

"My folks never held with soldiering and felt mad with me for keeping company with him, but then you see I'd a liking for him and wanted someone to run the place and look after the boys, and he was pretty kind to me in those days, so when he asked me I said 'Yes,' and we were married. Well, we stayed on the farm for quite a spell then, but he drank an awful lot and by-and-bye when the boys grew up and kinder began to loook after their own business, they told him he wasn't acting square to them, that he was ruining the farm, and it was going to the dogs, and a lot more, and they wanted to put him out. One night he did get awful drunk and wanted to fight them, so they turned him clear out and wouldn't let him come back. They were good to me too, I'll say that, and said that if I stayed on the farm, the children—his children—could stay too, and they'd never say a word to them. We stayed awhile and then I couldn't bear the thought of that poor body awandering round alone with no one to look after him, and me a'living in plenty, so I took Maria and Melindy and Gren and went back to him and giv' up my right to the farm. Then we came to town, and here we've been staying some years. Will ye want starch in the pillow cases this time Mr. Smith? I'll try and have them done

MRS. GIBSON—(LAURA NORRIS). MISS FRANCIS—(HELEN GRACE).

on the day you said, and I'm real obliged to you for the money. Good-night."

Mr. Sellars was a peculiar specimen. On one occassion a member of the family coming along the street at night, fell in—both literally and figuratively—with that gentleman sitting by the road side to all appearance under the influence of his bosom enemy. Upon enquiry Mr. Sellars explained that far be it from him to be drunk, he had only slipped on the side walk and hurt his foot. The Good Samaritan begged to be allowed to call Mrs. Sellars, but he sadly explained that his wife was not of a sympathetic nature.

As time went on Mrs. Sellars became more and more unfit for her work, till at last she gave up altogether and we learned that a terrible internal disease was eating her life away. Poor patient soul! I wonder if you have found life pleasant enough to care to live any longer.

On our visits we always found her lying uncomplainingly, sometimes in great pain, in the little attic room. "How are ye?" she would murmur, between deep, troubled breaths, "No, there is nothing I could eat thank you; the doctor did say I might have some Graham crackers. I kind o' fancy them, but I hate to ask yer ma, she's been real good to me yer ma has and you too. We're most out of wood Melindy says, but I guess we'll get along. He was mighty unfortinate poor fellow, when he was aworking in the woods, he says as he sent five dollars to us in a registered letter but the money was stolen I reckon for we never got it. Good-bye. I'm always mighty glad to see you."

It was awful to see her through the long months, lingering between life and death, nothing to look forward to but dreadful pain. Reports began to fly around among the charitable ladies of the town. "They say she is a perfect heathen, my dear, fancy the poor creature dying like that without a thought of salvation, someone must speak to her!" Someone did. "That was all settled long ago. You needn't be afraid of that" was the quick response to the questions.

Mr. Sellars didn't change much during this time. He sat by the stove and wept maudlin tears at the thought of his wife's suffering, or hilariously called for drinks in a down town bar, and indulged in drunken fights for the purpose no doubt of keeping up his spirits.

"I feel real bad to-day," she said once, "real bad, I guess I'm most run ashore. I wish your ma could come to see me sometime She's a real good woman is your ma, a real good woman, pity there ain't more like her in the world, but I suppose she's busy and can't get away, never mind, tell her not to mind."

A ray of golden summer sun shone into the room, touching the

ISADORE RUSH.

brow of the dying woman. It rested on the pitifully weak face of her husband, on the white thin faces of her son and daughters. Out in the street were sounds of busy life. A bee flew into the room and buzzed stupidly about. The little beams grew brighter as they prepared to sink to their rest. Perhaps they seemed to her like the forerunners of the coming glory. She opened her eyes and looked around while her arms moved restlessly. Then all was still. She was "ashore" at last. MOLLIE MOORE.

Preoccupied.

HOFFMAN HOWES,—Don't you feel cold, deah boy, sitting theagh by the window?

HOWELL GIBBON.—Ya-as; I guess I do. I knew theah was something the mattah with me. I suppose it must be cold.

SWEETNESS—I heard such a good joke to-day. I have been hugging myself about it ever since.

JACK—You must be tired. Let me assist you.

"There's one thing I can't understand," said Mrs. Trotter to the captain of an ocean steamer. "What is that, madam?" "It is how the wind blowing over the salt ocean can be so fresh."

"MISS FLUSHINGTON says you passed her on the street yesterday without bowing to her." "Oh, deah!" sighed the young man; "it's all the way she manages her complexion. Tell heh foh me, deah boy, that I'm fwightfully color-blind, won't you?"

R. B. MALCHIEN.

Fashions.

"What we really want is advice."—RUDYARD KIPLING.

Address letters relating to this department to Editor "Fashions" Ladies' Pictorial Weekly, etc.

French Tea-Gown.

White Flanders lace, over a foundation of daffodil-yellow bengaline silk, draped in front with irregular bows in pale blue satin, shot with gold.

WHILE there are certain infallible rules to which one must necessarily subscribe, yet on the whole, great latitude is allowed by the dictators of fashion; and in the matter of fabrics, there is such an almost endless variety from which to choose that there can be no excuse for a badly-dressed woman, and even those of limited means can obtain their points from the fashion journals which are now so numerous.

The sleeve still in a great measure accentuates the style of the garment, and an ill-fitting sleeve should not be tolerated. The sleeve tight to the elbow, with a wrinkled, pushed-up effect, is one of the most popular patterns; also the sleeve *l'Italienne*, which consists of a tight lower part and a wide, loose upper portion. The sleeves below the elbow in this case are often of velvet or of a different material and color from the rest of the dress.

There is a decided tendency toward trimming the skirt or making it with a slight drapery; the cascade back is also used to relieve the severity of a plain skirt, and slashes at the side, into which are introduced plaited, brocaded, or embroidered panels, are very ornamental.

One of the noticeable characteristics of gowns intended for the promenade is their elegant simplicity. Round-waisted bodices prevail alike for the street and home wear, but the short cut-off effect formerly observable is over-come by the long slender seams and pointed girdles, which gives the idea of slenderness.

India silk and *crepe* gowns will be of less severe cut than those of cloth; the back is occasionally raised in slightly *bouffant* fashion, or laid in irregular plaits, which form a rippling cascade.

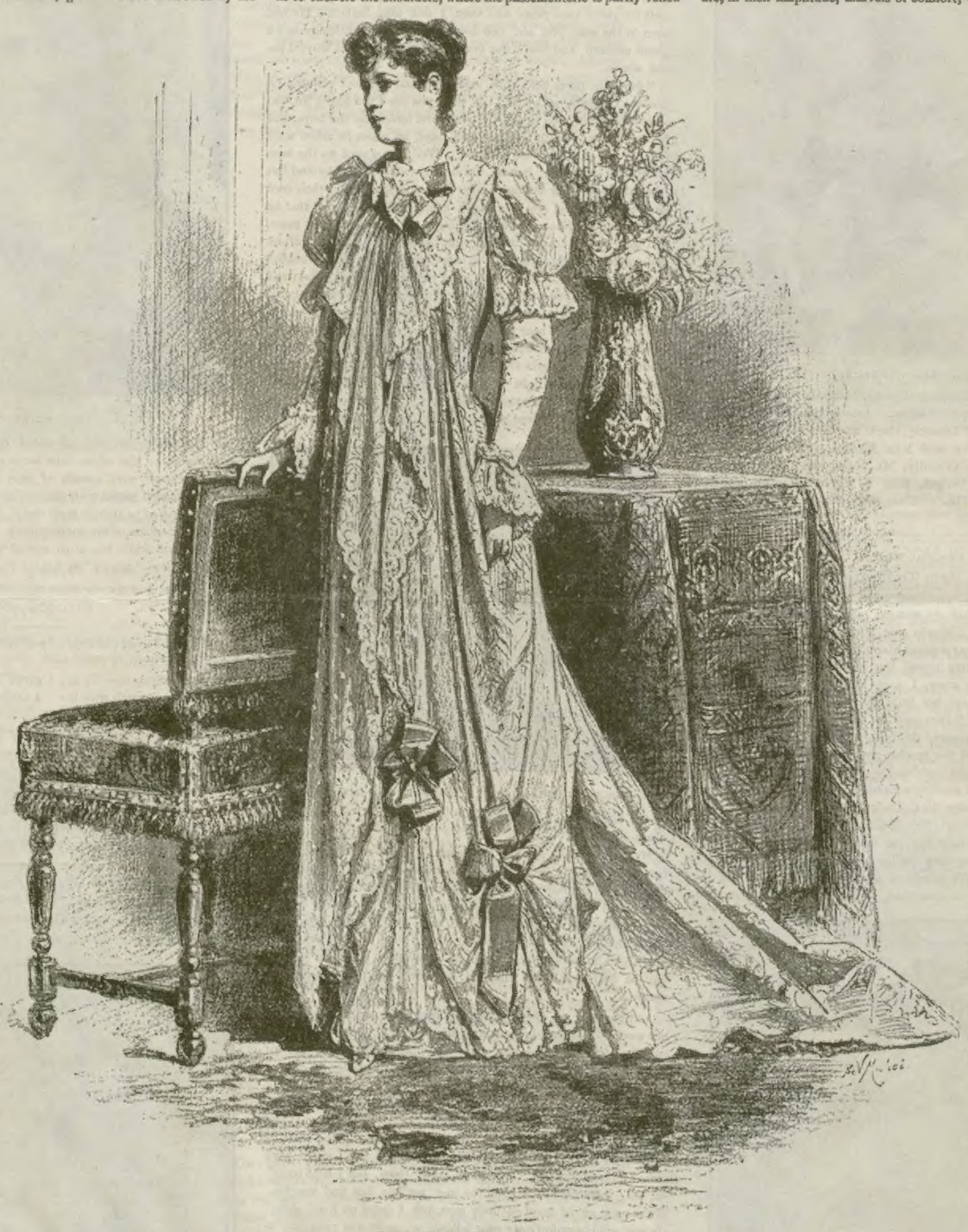
Tea-gowns and *negliges* of every description are in great demand during the warm season, and although nothing positively new has been evolved there are many charming combinations of materials and trimmings. Fancy silks with the surface raised as if quilted, simulate perfectly the quilted materials used in the time of Queen Anne, the favorite colors being apple-green, rose-pink, and a rather a vivid turquoise-blue; these are made up into princess tea-gowns, a Watteau plait of *crepe* being introduced in the back; long "follow-me-lads" sweep from neck to foot, and the bodice is a mass of lace and fluttering bows.

For evening-dresses those of *chiffon* over slips of inexpensive silk are, perhaps the most fashionable, but there is an inexhaustible supply of spotted laces, embroidered silk mulls, and delicate spider-web organdies, which make up beautifully for informal "at homes," and are even handsome enough to be worn to dinners and teas.

Wraps and jackets have received no startling changes, the patterns of the winter being repeated in light-weight cheviots, cloths, and vicunas, in most cases being quite long and reaching below the knees.

Paris Dinner-Gown.

Low-pointed bodice, in heliotrope velvet, fitted with two gores on each side of the point. A slash under each arm displays a tab in leaf-green *peau de soie*, framed with a handsome gimp trimming descring leaves, studded with pearls and gold. It is shaped to extend on the hips, and to spread both in front and at the back, so as to encircle the shoulders, where the passementerie is partly veiled under a double puffing of the light-colored silk, in keeping with the bows placed on the tapering bracelets of the beaded gimp which finishes off the short puffed sleeves in tulle spangled with gold. The kerchief bertha negligently draped in front of the bodice matches, and is connected to the shoulder straps with large knots. A voluminous sash-bow ornaments the point at the back of the bodice, and droops over the trained skirt in heliotrope velvet, mounted at the waist with slight gathers. Long suede gloves.



FRENCH TEA-GOWN.

A Home Toilette.

A polonaise in military blue woollen of fine quality with a design rising up the pleats in black embroidery or braiding. The swallow-tail yoke is in military blue cut velvet. A very elegant Watteau fold which commences narrow at the centre of the yoke, expands as it descends to the lower part of the skirt. Italian sleeves richly embroidered or braided to correspond with the skirt and an Italian collar of the velvet.

AS TO THE SEASON'S SLEEVE.—Said a dressmaker to me not long since: "The most difficult sleeve of all to make is no sleeve at all," and, in answer to my puzzled exclamation at her contradictory statement, she went on to explain that the narrow bands and puffings that finish the "sleeveless" bodices on the shoulders are very tedious to construct, inasmuch as they must "set" to a nicety and fit the shoulder's curve to perfection. Ball corsages that are elaborately lace and flower-trimmed have frequently wreaths of small flowers arranged across the shoulders in lieu of sleeves, but nearly all of the chiffon gowns, those, of course, that are cut decollete, have tiny sleeves formed of a single puffing. The long dress sleeves are, in their amplitude, marvels of comfort, while yet they show no lack of variety. If you want to imbue yourself with a sense of entire satisfaction with the sleeve-cuts of to-day, dive into the depths of a stored-away chest and unearth a discarded waist, whose duty was finished some three or four years since. The bodice portion is not so bad. Perhaps you smile a little at the oddly cut seams, and wonder how you ever were induced to choose the outre trimming, or to wear the flat, ungainly collar, and cuffs of corresponding ugliness. But the sleeves, ah, there's the hard rub in very fact. You question as you stretch your trammeled arms and look ruefully at your hands, red-swollen t rough the effort, by what persuasion you were tempted to martyrize yourself, all for fashion's sake. And these new sleeves are quite as attractive as they are comfortable. I speak now of those that follow the rule of moderation, not of those that are enlarged and shoulder puffed beyond acceptance. The ultrastylish sleeve continues very long. Not only does the lace finish droop over the hand, but the gauntlet cuff may do the same. These same gauntlets may be either deep or narrow. They are with buckram; and are admirable "set-offs" to Louis XV. and XVI. coats. The sleeve cut on the cross, is very stylish in checked and striped stuffs, while quite a "fad" is to cover the silk sleeves, corresponding with the toilet, with heavy Irish lace; the effect is very rich and elegant and a continuity is afforded by the high, graduated collar being similarly treated.

THE spring and summer fabrics are of more exquisite finish and design than ever before, and the designers of the present day must indeed be artists in order to produce such beautiful results; not only are these stuffs meritorious in themselves, but they are eminently adapted to the requirements of the present mode; where elegant simplicity of make is the rule and which necesitates handsome material and little trimming.

ONDRRIE is a new material, which, as the name denotes, looks something like the ripples upon water, the grounds being almost obscured by irregular undulating lines in delicate tints; these waves are woven in harmonious colors and show scarcely any distinctive pattern.

THE bell skirt is so popular that robes fashioned in this shape, the buttons encrusted with rich gold or silver embroidery, are noticeable in the shops which cater to the exclusive trade.

COSTUMES AT THE HORSE SHOW

JEAN

Cosy Corner Chats With Our Girls.

(This department is edited by Cousin Ruth who will be glad to hear from our girl readers. Address all letters, suggestions, comments, questions to "Cousin Ruth," Ladies Pictorial Weekly, etc.)

THE note is struck, girls, and by a new cousin; a Canadian, too, I am proud to say! Listen to Idalia's choice for a pleasant evening, (and wait a moment until I tell you the test which was to be put to every way described. It was to be perfectly unselfish). I think Idalia has got the prize, and I don't think anyone will dispute it. "I think the truest happiness springs from making others happy—" says this dear girl, "and if I could go to those who are suffering through sin, or pain, or want, and comfort and cheer some aching hearts, and know that I had assuaged some of this world's woe, I would be happier than if I had passed the time in any other way." There girls, that is what we wanted you to say! I am just longing to see Idalia, to hold her hand, and say "God bless you, dear, you have chosen rightly!"

I HAVE had several letters from the cousins, asking me to tell them what the other girls chose for their evening. Well, now that Idalia has gone so far ahead, I will look back and tell you, though indeed, there are a great lot of letters in the gold hand, that ought to be answered. There is Country Squirrel, who chooses a high tea, her best friends, music and singing, very jolly, dear maid, but not unselfish. Cora from New York wants a cosey room, books, supper, and the best beloved. Ah! Cora, how natural, but—a trifle selfish, Eh? Cora, from Wisconsin, would fly to the dear old father, who lives all alone, away off, among the pines; bless you, dear daughter you made me feel homesick myself; Clara wants a family party, with games and comfort. Beauty (oh—my dear, I had a cry over your way, it touched me too deep!) wants her darling back from Heaven, for one earth evening with her again! Dora has a heart longing too, and would ease it with one happy evening, Pattie wants a social and intellectual evening with good music, Elbertae wants a home party, with apples and nuts, jokes and stories, music, and a beau all to herself, everyone in a good humour and love hovering in the air, is her final summary. Marie also wants the family party, with eggnogg and dancing, Rose vibrates between a first class, well acted drama, easy home chat, whist, and music, and a lone evening among her books. Delight would spend her evening with some spiritual minded people, who would talk to her of her dear Saviour, and help her to study His Life and character. (I thought this dear child would have to get the prize, but the others said she hadn't caught the idea they wanted.) But bless me, children dear! what a long list I am making, I must really stop—only—just glance over the choices of the cousins, and you will see there is not one thoroughly unselfish except Idalia's, and as that was the test agreed upon, She will get the promised prize which has been lying beside the Gold Hand ever since the happy evening was first talked about. I should like to tell you all just who Idalia is, if she will allow me—but I wont unless I get leave from her. Perhaps she will write and say, "Tell,"! then, I will.

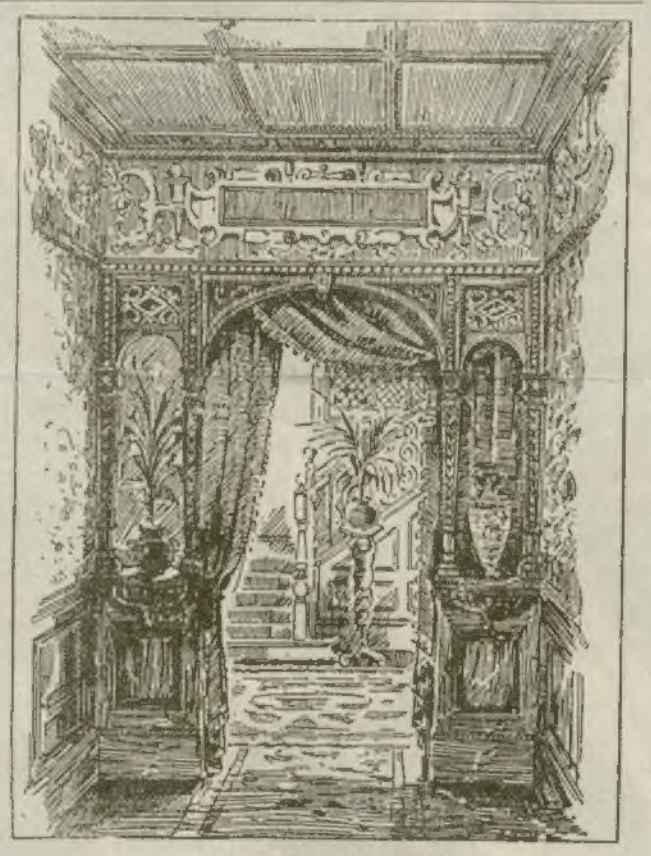
WELL, Cynthia, and so you have come in! Just right here in Toronto all the time too. How slow you were about it! If you are going to live in California, there is a cousin out there now, no, two of them, whom you might have been quite chummy with, by this time. Now—you child from San Francisco, and you other one from Los Gatos, please be ready to welcome our Cynthia, who is going over your way. The only remedy for damp hands that I ever found any good was powdering them freely, before I put on my gloves—but I can't wear kid gloves in hot weather. Yes, my dear, I have been in England—and while I was there, the climate acted angelically—just fancy being a week in Scotland without rain. Heard ye aye o'sic a marvel? as my old landlady said. England was nearly as good, though we had several duckings down in Somerset. I don't wonder you miss the sea, if you love it as I do. How nice of you to say America is nicer, I don't know whether I should care to live always in England, but, for a summer, I found it perfectly lovely. Write again.

AND here is our Florida Florence back again, cousins! Real glad to see you, as they say out West. And so you want to know what I meant by saying I was pleased all over do you? Well, just what I said, my love. My mouth was pleased, my eyes were pleased, my heart was warmed and sent glows of pleasure clear down to my toes. You are quite right about the school days, dear, and another year will give you such an advantage. You cannot think! That little French postscript was lovely, Florence. Don't you want to get a whole French letter from Maria? Her letters are quite too delightful, and she bubbles over with fun and fancy. I am sure she will write to you, if you want her to. She and Susie have started a correspondence, she writes in French and Susie in English. I am a little bit in love with Maria, to tell the truth, and am getting jealous of Susie. As to your writing, it is simply grand. What a good woman you will make if you only live up to it. Don't be long in writing again. I miss you, my Southern blossom.

WHAT a laugh I had, Rhea, when I read your postscript. Just fancy how tickled that bad little cousin in bed must have been! Well, never mind, my girl—be good to the mother, love her and spare her all you can, now, and she won't mind sitting up when your foolish time comes! I will send your address to "Lakeshore lass" and Marie, just as soon as I can. Elder flower water is good for the skin. I'll give you a receipe for freckles if the Correspondence Editor will let me. I know just how you feel about the wisdom tooth. They are nuisances. I don't ever find it hard to write to the cousins. It is my pet treat, when other harder work is over. I have never been your way, my dear, though I've heard much about your valley, I am going, some day. Don't forget about the flowers, I shall love to have them. I hope you'll write soon again, your letters are fine.

YOU wrote before, Wenona, in January, I remember. Thank you so much for letting me know about next month. I shall not forget. I shall think of you, dear. How would Cosey Cot suit for a name? The dearest little home Boaz and I ever had was called so, and our first home was called Brightside. Take your choice. Once a cousin, always a cousin, my prairie maid. If I thought all my girls were to be lost to me, as soon as they got married—I'd be harder on the boys than Rhea is—I'd never let them come near at all. May I blow you a kiss, and wish you every blessing? There are rough as well as smooth paths in married life, but as long as they lead upward, what matter? Send me a piece of cake, Wenona—I dearly love such goodies.

Cousin Ruth



A HALL ARCHWAY.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Memory.

"Use your memory! You will sensibly experience a gradual improvement, while you take care not to overload it."

DR. J. WATTS.

Listen, girls, whilst I tell you something worth knowing.

Perhaps but few of you have ever thought it worth while to weigh your memory: What is it worth? how much can you depend on it? to what extent would it be all important to you? and there are numerous other questions we might ask about this subject. Forgetfulness is something very convenient, I will admit, but, memory we cannot dispense with.

The other day an invitation was remitted to me to spend the evening with some friends, I hesitated before making any reply to the kind thoughtfulness in asking me, when one of the invited guests came unto my study and persuaded me to accept; well, the time came and off I went. Many of the guests were already assembled when I arrived, and accordingly the formality of introducing began.

Do you know that there was but one person in that drawing-room worthy of especial notice! viz:—a young girl of some twenty summers, not beautiful, either in form or face, but far, far beyond that—beautiful in mind and having a most retentive memory.

I like to talk with that girl; I like to listen to her talking to me; many times I heard her say "I remember"; her purity of speech and thought, attracted my attention, but equally so was I drawn to her when I found in almost every instance her memory was correct.

One of our poets tells us "a good memory is the gift of God." We are all endowed with this gift, but many fail to improve this inestimable faculty.

It must be cultivated, encouraged, and when thus improved retain it as a treasure and value it with the highest estimation.

Longfellow says,—"The leaves of memory seem to make a mournful rustling in the dark." Sad thoughts perhaps he refers to, but, we have Richter to quote who tells us.—"Memory is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven." Indeed our first parents were not to be deprived of it."

If we remember little things we shall undoubtedly be master of great ones. Forgetfulness is no crime, but it may lead to many.

HAZELKIRK.

Handiwork.

Any question of general interest regarding home decoration will be answered in this column. Any suggestions, contributions or letters from those interested in this department will be welcomed.—Ed.

Hall Archway.

A long hall-way or indeed, a hall-way of any kind, will be very materially improved by a division in the form of an archway made in the centre of the same, as depicted in the sketch presented herewith. It is supposed that the walls have a dado of walnut; the walls are decorated with Anaglypta wiped down in brown. The archway is constructed of walnut to correspond with the dado, and the frieze of the hall is continued on top of same in a bold decorative style. There are brackets constructed for holding an ornamental pot with a plant or a vase on both sides of the archway, which fill the open panels as shown, and the drapery is to be arranged according to the sketch. The curtains are of jute velvet. The floor of the hall should have a felt covering, with a large rug running down the center of same.

Design for a Long Wall.

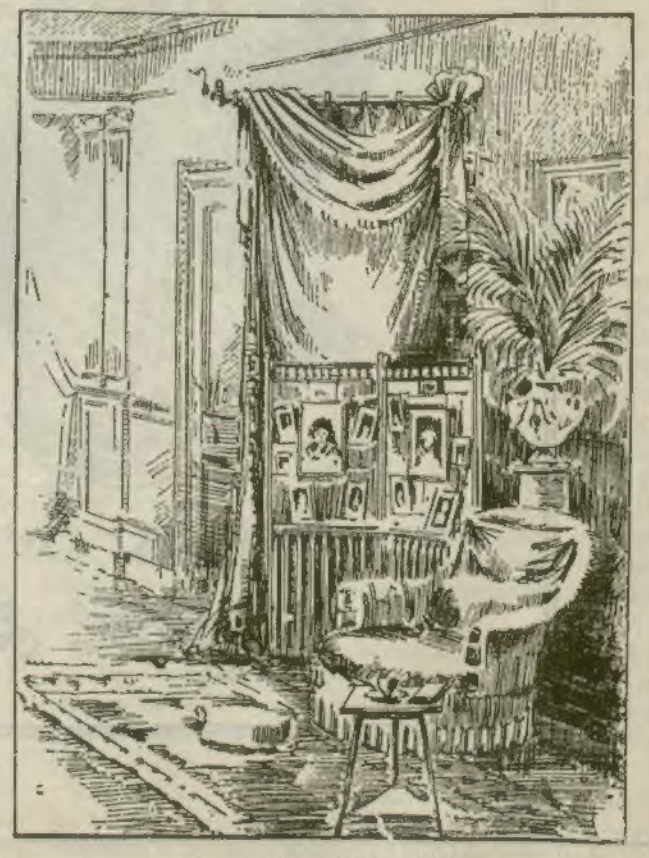
It frequently happens that houses have an apartment which is used as a reception-room or parlor, in which a long wall having a doorway and fire-place, is placed opposite to a wall having two or three windows. This wall, in such a state of things, is certainly very monotonous, and we suggest an idea of breaking up the monotony of the wall by hanging a portiere curtain, with drapery, on a rod of wrought steel or brass, if the curtain rods are of the same material. The drapery may be of printed velveteen, costing about a dollar a yard. We should suggest the fabric have a cream ground, with a pattern in tawny yellow and blue, and the window draperies and other curtains in the room should be in a yellowish shade of velveteen. There is shown a screen, the upper portion of which is studded with photographs and nicknacks of various kinds. Behind the easy chair is a stand containing a pot of palms, and in front of the chair at one side is a small tea-table.

An Ideal Husband.

82 An ideal husband—A manly man, religious, moral, industrious, gentle, not effeminate, of man's gentleness, which holds more than woman's gentleness. Amiable, with dash enough of fire to "keep the kettle boiling." Intuitive, frank, firm, neat, orderly, truthful, trustable, patient, home-loving, home-serving. Educated, refined and refining. Well-informed, of good conversational ability, a home talker, instructor and entertainer. Confiding, confidence-winning. "Sunny," generous. Of delicate honor in all things. Able to wait on himself and others. Cook? Yes, wash dishes and sweep in emergency, having the knowledge and disposition even should the emergency never arise. Perfection? No. A manly man.

83 My ideal husband must be endowed with a good supply of common sense, educated, entertaining and jovial, one whom I can love and respect, one to whom I can look for good advice in all things, and one in whom I can place full confidence. He must be affectionate, true, and love wife, children and home dearly, unselfish, thoughtful of all mankind, rendering assistance when necessary, temperate in all things, and must use no profane language. He must be a christian, one who endeavors not to lay up treasures on earth, but in heaven.

SHE—Chicago society is very exclusive, isn't it? He—Yes, when I was there I called at a friend's house, but the footman declined to take in my card until I was identified.



DESIGN FOR A LONG WALL.

In The Play Room.

"The childhood shows the man as morning shows the day."—MILTON.

Hazelkirk, editor of this department will be pleased to receive letters from young contributors. Contributions such as puzzles, short stories, poems, etc., will be welcomed. Address "Hazelkirk," in care of this paper.

HAZELKIRK wishes to thank George D. L., Sorel, Quebec; Bertie B., Carrie C. M., Ottawa; Millie, Grace, Thorald; James Arma; Nettie, Charlie, Oscar; Robert, Minnie, B., Gertie, H. J., May, Cora, Old Tom, Norman, Juno, and Reuben H., for the pleasant letters received, also Queen Bess, Rip Van Winkle, and Bertha Ross for contributions during the month of April.

Telling A Story.

Little Blue eyes is sleepy,
Come here and be rocked to sleep,
What shall I tell you darling?
The story of Little Bo Peep?
Or of the cows in the garden,
Or the children who ran away?
If I'm to be story teller,
What shall I tell you, pray?

"Tell me"—the Blue-eyes opened
Like pansies when they blow,
"Of the baby in the manger
The little child—Christ, you know,
I like to hear that 'tory
The best of all you tell,"
And my four-year-old nestles closer,
As the twilight shadows fell,

And I told my darling over
The old, old tale again:
Of the baby born in the manger,
And the Christ who died for men,
Of the great warm heart of Jesus,
And the children whom he blest,
Like the blue-eyed boy who listened
As he lay upon my breast.

And I prayed as my darling slumbered,
That my child with eyes so sweet,
Might learn from his Saviour's lesson
And sit at the Master's feet,
Pray God he may never forget it,
But always love to hear
The tender and touching story
That now he holds so dear.

E. E. R.

Answers to Puzzles.

(From Last Issue).

No. 1. SINGLE ACROSTICS.

1. "She was more fair than words can say."
2. "And the stately ships go on."
3. "Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild."
4. "There let the wind sweep and the plover cry."
5. "Love lighted down between them full of glee."
6. "E'er I saw her clasped in her last trance."
7. "Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years should yield."

Santly.

No. 2.
1. August.
2. Unicorn.
3. Gesture.
4. Usurper.
5. Sword.
6. Tin.
7. Union.
8. Stone.

Augustus.

No. 3.
RIDDLE-ME-REES.
Candle.

No. 4.
Rose.

GEOGRAPHICAL—V.

1. Welshpool, on the Severn, manufactures flannels.
2. Sunderland, on the Wear, has a shipping trade.
3. Edinborough, on the Forth, the capital of Scotland.
4. Frankford, on the Maine the birthplace of Goethe.
5. Vienna, on the Danube capital of Austria.
6. Lyons, on the Rhone, manufactures silk.

PROBLEM—VI.

The squirrel carried 186 ears of corn.

Puzzles.

REBUS—I.

I am a word of nine letters, my 4, 1, 2, compose a German personal pronoun; my 2, 4, 7, another pronoun in our own language; my 2, 8, 3, 6 describe a female stag; my 1, 8, 3, 6 vehicle; my 1, 2, 8, 3, 6 a map; my 1, 2, 4, 5, 6 a geological specimen; my 3, 4, 7 expresses the edge of an article; my 1, 3, 8, 7 what boys home for the holidays are apt to do just now; my 1, 2, 8, 3, 7 forms a spell; my 8, 3, 7 a part of the body; my 2, 8, 3, 7 is a power for evil; my 9, 6, 8, 3 a lamp of heaven; my 8, 3, 6, 9 the graceful rivals of nature; my 6, 8, 3 is a sailor; my 9, 6, 4, 3 what we do to puddings and congregations; my 7, 4, 5, 6 an unpleasant vapour; my 7, 8, 5, 9 a part of a foreign worship; my 2, 4, 9, 6 an attempt to hush you to attention; my 1, 2, 8, 6 what most weak-minded people are given to; my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7 an anointing vessel; my 9, 4, 6 what you do with a chair; my 5, 8, 6 what you have done when you rise from it; my 9, 8, 7—7, 8, 6—6, 4, 7—6, 8, 7 are all proper names or nicknames; my 9, 4, 3 appellation of a knight or baronet; my 3, 4, 1, 2 what all long to be; my 3, 8, 7 is a male sheep; my 3, 8, 6 an animal we have to thank the Conqueror for; my 9, 2, 4, 3, 6 what the poorest man generally possesses; my 6, 3, 4, 7 what dandies are; my 1, 2, 8, 3 what wood comes to when slowly burned; my 2, 8, 6 is supplied by Lincoln and Bennett; my 1, 8, 6 bears the blame of all household smashes; my 1, 4, 6 dwells in town; my 2, 4, 5 expresses a male pronovn; my 2, 4, 6 a cricketer's stroke; my 7, 4, 6 an abbreviated glove; my 7, 4, 5, 9 the equivalent to a mile; my 7, 8, 3, 6 a market-place; my 7, 8, 5, 6 an important part of a vessel; my 4, 5 what exists; my 6, 4, 5 what asserts it positively; my 1, 2, 4, 6 an Indian note; my 1, 3, 8, 5, 9 the worst stupidity; my 2, 8, 7 an esteemed dainty; my 9, 2, 8, 7 a mean deceit; my 1, 4, 5, 9 a female name shortened; my 7, 8, 3 is to spoil. Taken altogether, I express a happy season when all meet together, to be happy.

Sancho Panza's Proverbial Puzzles.

The merry gipsy's little apt to care
What makes his pot boil—inconsiderate sinner?
He'd just as soon pop in a duck or hare,
And eat it hot for his unlicensed dinner.

We nothing trouble when the merchant bold
Sends forth his venture on the stormy main
We nothing care when it comes safe again
We have no risk, and so our blood runs cold.

The Travels of a Mouse.

(Continued from last week.)

The Rex family as well as other mice were sorry to part with their little friend, they had spent many an enjoyable evening together, but he could not be induced to remain, so after seeing him safely off the ship they returned and began gathering in their stores for the next voyage.

Now, to resume our narrative about Jerry; he crept along until he came to a pile of boards and under these he ran. Alone and friendless in a strange country, nothing to eat and no object before him, he felt sad enough I assure you; still, any place was better than on that vessel, especially in a storm. To remain under those planks he could not, and he was at a loss to know how to proceed

when he heard, not far from him, the bark of a little terrier—the mouse's enemy. Oftentimes his father had cautioned him in England about these dogs, they frequ ntly inhabited the lanes and roads in which Jerry was wont to play, and now to encounter one in America was almost too much for him, he became nearly frantic with terror. To keep quite still was all he could do until he could find some means of escape. At last the bark sounded to be further away, and Jerry ventured to peep from underneath the boards and look about a bit. Then he came out and ran over to some baskets which were standing near by, as hunger was beginning to get the better of him and he sought something palatable; this he found in a neat looking basket case, tightly packed and containing some beautiful grapes in one end and figs in the other. Through this case Jerry gnawed a hole and got in preparing himself for a good meal, when ah! he heard footsteps, and in a second the hamper was lifted from its place and put on a wagon Jerry and all, then driven to a residence at some distance from the pier.

The time appeared long to Jerry and the roads seemed rough, so you may know he was pretty well shaken about, and by the time he reached the place where the hamper was taken from the wagon Jerry felt the ride had done him no good.

The next chance he had to see daylight was in the cellar of an old stone house, and the first one to meet him was a mouse of enormous size, a great fat fellow which would make three of Jerry, so a second time he was called upon to give an account of himself and from whence he came.

This great fellow was known to the other mice which inhabited the cellar as the King of Terrors—perhaps because he was so big and ugly. He did not seem to take kindly to Jerry; he seemed to delight in making everyone fear him, and this sure enough Jerry did and at first sight, too.

The King advanced towards Jerry and in a gruff voice told him to come along with him, so Jerry quietly followed, wondering all the while where this great fellow would take him. They ran along until they reached the far end of the room, and then Mr Mouse told Jerry in a tone of cruel authority he must vacate that place as quickly as he knew how or no saying what would happen to him, for the cat always on the look out for mice, would devour him in no time if he once came near her claws.

Jerry needed no second telling, away he ran, glad enough to escape from this monster who was so ugly and vicious, so he made his way up to the ground floor of the house standing next. One of the side doors stood ajar and in he crept, the noise of pots and pans at once told him it was the kitchen. He ran across the floor and into a little hole, but not before he had alarmed the cook who saw him as he bounded by her, there was a scream, a noise of falling pans, and then the sound of many voices which ended in a chorus of laughter. This all happened late in the afternoon, and you must remember Jerry had had nothing to eat since he left the docks, so you may be sure he was very hungry. However, night was coming on and then there was a hope. If he could hold out a little while longer he was sure of a good meal, and while he waited he fell into a quiet sleep.

(To be continued.)

SOREL, QUEBEC, April 14th, 1892.

DEAR PLAYROOM EDITOR,

Many little boys write to you, well, I am going to do like them and send you a small letter. I want to tell you all about the fun we had yesterday. I have a little brother and two little sisters, and the three of us coaxed Auntie to dress us like soldiers, we had pretty costumes and played the band. I was tambour major and liked that very much. Oh! we had lots of fun, and were all very sorry when we were told it was tea-time; we had to put all our playthings away. Auntie will make some more clothes for us so we may play again another day.

Paul and I go to school and study hard because our teacher is going to give us prizes next July. Our teacher is very nice, she often gives us lovely picture-books. Paul says it will be his turn to write next time; be sure he wont forget. May-be you will get another letter from me soon. I hope you will get a great many more from the little boys and girls. Good bye dear Editor,

Your little friend

GEORGE L. J.

MILL CREEK, Utah, March 31st. 1892.

DEAR EDITOR.

I thought I would try to find what the acrostic puzzle meant which was in the last "LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY" which I often read and like it very much. This is the first puzzle I ever tried, for I have not had much time to hunt them. I go to school and take ten studies or I would try to hunt more of them. I have chosen Queen Victoria for my subject in the acrostic, and I think you will find this all right.

MISS MAUD ELLA BLISS,
Age 12 years.

The Game of Touch.

The company must be seated in form of a circle. One is placed in the centre and called A. He has a handkerchief with a knot tied in the centre, which he tosses to some one in the circle, and if it touches that person anywhere the one touched must toss it to some one else before A tags him, or he is required to take his place for the person the handkerchief is touching. A can tag, but if it should fall in the centre or on the outside, the person it is nearest must pick it up quickly and toss it; for as soon as he takes hold of it A can tag him. If the circle is lively they can keep A in the centre for some time.

Hazelkirk

Things One Should Say Differently.

AMATEUR VOCALIST (*who prides himself on his singing to hostess*).—Oh! my dear Mrs. Hautboy, my friend, Mr. Baritone, is quite indisposed this evening and he requested me to take his place at your *musicale*.

Mrs. H.—Good-night, Mr. Reed-Pipes; thank you so much for your assistance. Pray tell Mr. Baritone that I hope he will soon be better, and say that I missed him very much indeed. I do hope he will be able to come to my next *musicale*.

She Was Proper.

"Let's go over to the grocery," said a six-year-old boy to a five-year-old girl, "and get a stick of candy."

"Not unless I can secure a chaperone, James," replied the little maid.

First Boy: I's lost my gran'mother since I seen yer las', Jim!

Second Boy (*the prize scholar of the Band of Hope*): Well, don't worry; she is waiting at the door of Heaven for you!

First Boy: If she's waitin' for me it isn't at the door she'll be, but behind it with a stick. She always did here!

She.—And what do you do when time hangs heavy on your hands?

He.—Oh, I call to see my lady friends, or something of that sort.

Teacher (in Grammar class) "Tommy, correct the sentence, 'I kissed Susan onct.'"

Tommy (promptly) "I kissed Susan twict."

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

Home Culture.

EMBROIDERY.

What does not this name suggest? My mind reverts instinctively to the days of my childhood when it meant a species of work, which has been described as cutting out holes and sewing them up again, referring to a handicraft which has been successfully replaced by machine products. I remember toiling painfully over a narrow strip of cotton in a small round frame, in which the design rapidly became without form and void, and the materials very damp and grimy; next I entered upon the field of Berlin Wool Work in the days which it was the accepted form of decorative art in every drawingroom. Ladies then thought only in wools, and every possible article from a fender stool to a cushion was worked on canvas.

Mantel piece borders, piano covers, table covers, square screens, on tripods, pedestals, every medium for ornamentation was selected, and treated in realistic colors which look extraordinarily garish by the light of improved art. This excess of decoration was followed by a period of positive inaction, when heavy damasks, brocades, and rich satins were all the vogue, and the era of solemn and sumptuous magnificence prevailed. Then the re-action set in with the South Kensington Art movement. A short time before the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia embroidery at least in England was a lost art. In 1872 an energetic lady influenced partly by artistic feeling, partly by the desire of giving employment to the rapidly increasing number of indigent gentlewomen began to interest her friends in restoring and copying old pieces of embroidery. She established in one room in a back street of London, what was destined to become the Royal School of Art Needlework, better known as the South Kensington School. The opportunity of showing what could be done to rival the embroidery of past ages was given at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and the school which by this time had enlisted royalty in its ranks astonished every one by the success of its efforts. America felt the influence of the beautiful examples of needlework exhibited at her Centennial. Schools and Societies of embroidery called by the popular name of Decorative Art sprang up in almost all the large and many of the small towns, but it remained for Mrs. Wheeler and the Society of Associated Artists to establish the school in New York, now so well known all over the American Continent. Visitors to the Centennial circulated the idea of Artistic Embroidery in Canada where the fashion was developed privately. For years every industrious well constituted maiden spent her spare time working on olive or crimson felt realistic flowers in artificial colors. We see traces of this embroidery epidemic in many homes throughout the country at the present day. Few articles on which draperies could be introduced escaped, the mantelpiece, the piano, the door, the table, all fell victims to art experiments. Now lambrequins heavy with chenille flowers, scarves, and drapes harshly treated to ill assorted crewels or filoselles are it may be observed generally discarded. The draperies are still there, but the embroideries are no more. Of embroidery proper the theory up to date advanced by Mrs. Wheeler the head of the American School, is that there should be but one piece of needlework in a room and that should be large, effective and handsome, a picture or a screen for instance. Probably the decadence of embroidered articles may be attributed to the improvment in decorative materials. Liberty and china silks, art muslins, Madras muslins and cretonnes are so artistic in color and design, as to be a law unto themselves. Some of the printed muslins may have their effects heightened by bringing out the designs with touches of silk reproducing their own shades. I have seen a pattern of scattered single wild rose blossoms on a white ground beautifully treated in this way.

The solid old Kensington stitch seems to be going out, and new and lighter motives coming in, which are quicker, more effective and saving of silk. Of these there are the button-hole and honeycomb stitches. The outer edge of the flower or leaf is first outlined, then the central lines are put in in the stem stitch and the intervening spaces filled in with button-holing about a third of an inch apart according to the scale of the pattern. The stitches are graduated to preserve the forms of the plants and must not leave too much space uncovered in order to produce an effect in color. There must also be a certain proportion between the depths of the stitches and their distance apart. If the stitch were required to be an inch deep the space between the stitches would have to be almost an inch, etc. The use of button-holing in couching is invaluable, white lines couched down with blue, or *vice versa*, in heavy outlines are very effective. Honey-comb is only another variety of button-hole stitch. It is done by a trick in drawing the threads together and is easily acquired by practice. Appliques I am not partial to, except as adapted to dress materials, but darning stitches for backgrounds combined with outlined forms are most useful and artistic in their results.

Though the system of embroidery has been so much improved, there is still much time wasted upon it that might be better employed by a careful selection of subjects and materials. For instance, there is house and table linen. Think what an opportunity they give for beautiful work, and where can it be displayed to better advantage than on table cloths, napkins, quilts and pillow covers. The marking of these articles in dainty and artistic letters deserves much more care and attention than is bestowed upon it, and would give besides useful occupation to many idle or thoughtless fingers. An initial carefully embroidered in an appropriate corner, properly padded and skilfully raised and outlined is no despicable motive. Embroidery of all arts belongs particularly to articles of service and is, therefore, peculiarly appropriate to house and table linen. Drawn work on linen, for example, is essentially suitable to its purpose, and is both artistic, effective and durable. What can be prettier for tea cloths, five o'clock tea table cloths, sideboard cloths, etc., than these delicate lace like designs of drawn work with their enormous scope of combinations and fine finish of hem-stitching. Delicate stitching is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever" and a girl's idle moments are better employed upon it than fancy work. What can be prettier for some combined boudoir bedroom, than fine linen covers with borders in simple drawn work. Even plain hem-stitch with a monogram in the corners gives a stamp of refinement and elegance. There should be two or three sets of linen to admit of washing and yellow silk will be found the most useful and durable color for embroidery in combination with drawn work or alone. Also red and blue ingrain cottons for marking table linen, these are fast colors and will bear laundrying for years as I can testify from experience. If there are no pretty silver backed brushes in the boudoir bedroom, there should be brush and comb bags to match the covers and to conceal the plain or possibly shabby article. Sheets and pillow covers can be made most ornamental with this same drawn work and in the matter of quilts there is a noble field for elaborate embroidery ornamentation. Let every girl's ambition be to make her surroundings the best she can afford. This will inculcate that pride in self which is the foundation of self respect and the true training for her future position as head of a household. Mothers instill this sentiment in your daughters and supply them freely with the materials requisite to make "the House beautiful." Not with yards of brilliant fabrics and skeins of complementary colors, but with the simple linens and cottons of our grandmothers.

E. Molson Spragge.

Our American Letter.

The May Festival in Cincinnati---The Bayreuth of America.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Cincinnati, May 2nd, 1892.

You will think me very presumptuous in comparing the Cincinnati musical with the Wagner festival at Bayreuth, but indeed there are many points where the comparison holds good.

To begin with, if I am to believe Mark Twain in his account of that wonderful performance—citizens from all over the world flock to Bayreuth to enjoy its celebrated opera season, so it is in Cincinnati, cheap excursions bring thousands of people to this charming festival. Again, Mark Twain says "the great building stands by itself . . grand and lonely . . the interior is simple, severely so," and that can be said of the Auditorium in Cincinnati. The inimitable Mark further says the building has a seating capacity of 1650, that in Cincinnati accomodates fully 2000. But here the comparison must cease for the present for the further arrangements of the Bayreuth Opera House are unique in their accomplishment. For instance at a certain hour the eighteen doors which admit the huge audience are opened, and a fine of $2.50 imposed on all late comers. Each person passes to his seat, and stands there till the entire house is filled, and then all are seated simultaneously. Hence is avoided the continual standing up and sitting down of those who are disturbed by late comers, and the passing and repassing of the late comers themselves.

In Cincinnati this excellent plan has not been adopted, the seats are arranged like those in any music hall, the stage is well raised and holds about five hundred singers.

Mr. Theodore Thomas is the popular leader of this festival, his own orchestra being the music used, he bringing it from New York for the purpose. Mr. Thomas brought his charming wife with him. She is the sister of Miss Anny Fay, whose clever book "Music Study in Germany," is so deservedly popular by reason of its happy description of that student's life, which is now such a feature in German towns. The May Festival occupies four days, during which seven concerts are given, the repertoire of which comprises selections from the best masters, both new and old; but the attraction of the season was the celebrated Passion Music by Bach, which had been given at Auberramergau, the season before. You know, Bab, that the Passion Music was given in the very early dark ages, as a means of educating the poor in the sacred history of the cross. In those times the Miracle plays as they were called, were very simply rendered. Three priests would recite the different parts of the story, but as time went on the actual reading grew to intoning then chanting, till Bach published in 1672 that masterpiece, "The Passion according to St. Mathew."

It is the simple story of the cross told in most sublime music in solo and chorus, with orchestra accompaniment. In Auberramergau—the only place in Europe where the play is now given in its original purity—the parts are sung, the characters represented and even the "lowly manger bed" is portrayed. The men and women who are to personate these holy characters are reared from childhood to the task, and I am told the purity and sweet virtue shining in the face of her who represents the Virgin Mary, are so apparent that she thereby shows her desire to fully enter into and carry out the saintly life of the Mother of God. In Cincinnati, however, no attempt was made to do other than produce Bach's melodious tones, and Mr. Lloyd in the part of the Evangelist has won a world wide reputation.

The story begins with the preparation for the Passover, and ends after the Crucifixion with a chorus of voices singing around the tomb. That the music is "heavy" goes without saying, but it is so sublime, so pathetic, so magnificent in its simplicity, that I was completely carried away with it.

The rest of the festival was directed to various selections of Lizt, Beethoven, Mozart and Wagner. Handel's Messiah was the opening concert, and this selection was most popular, by reason of its frequent performance, so it is with all the great master's works, the nine festivals that have been given have so familiarized the citizens to this class of music that Cincinnati has won for itself an enviable position in the musical world. It is no longer ago than 1873 that the now popular oration of "The Messiah" was looked upon as "heavy" and "dry," yet now, as I say, it is among the most popular selections of the entire repertoire. One of the features of the sixth concert, was the orchestral rendering of Brahm's, "Hungarian Dances," which for lightness and brightness of conception are beyond comparison—their tempo is fascinating.

Very sorry, indeed, Bab, was I, when the festival was concluded, but one has always the chance of going again and renewing their happy experience. We have just been down to the pottery, called "The Rookery," and brought away some quaint selections from their goodly store. Of this pottery the Cincinnatians are justly proud, for it is the only one in the country and they are gaining an international reputation. Some massive jars with wonderful decorations are already under way for exhibition at the World's Fair. The drives about the suburbs are most interesting. The ground is hilly, and presents most picturesque spots. The curious method the street cars have of ascending the hill that divides the city proper from Mount Auburn can only be compared to the inclined railway at the Falls. You ascent at an angle of forty-five degrees. The cable broke once and descended with such force that all in the car, except one woman, died from the injuries received. The company gave her $10,000 and a free pass for life, if she would take the first trip in the cars after the damages were prepared. Report says she did so, and thus restored confidence in the elevated line, which was in much discredit after the accident. How I wish you could have been with us on our trip from New Orleans to Cincinnati. We came all the way by boat, and such fun as we had, landing at every little village and town en route. At first the trip was monotonous, on account of the low lying marshy ground, but gradually, as we steamed northward, it grew more interesting. At Memphis we alighted, and took in the "The City of the Bluffs" as it is called. It is a busy thriving city, a cotton centre, and has a beautiful drive along the Mississippi's bank. There is a great deal of business done here and several handsome buildings being erected. Wholesale shooting affrays have brought it to the fore of late, and there is that mixture of southern hot-headedness and western swagger in the natives, that gives one the impression that each man carries his life in his hand.

At Cairo—the junction of the Missouri and other rivers with the Mississippi—is the first bridge which spanned the river. It is over a mile long, and a magnificent piece of engineering work. The river bank is lined with manufacturing establishments at all points, and is full of interesting spectacles, so much so that I wished, for your sake, I had my kodak along. I was glad, however, when we came in sight of and landed at the wharfs of the Bayreuth of America.

Daisy Dean.

Outdoor Sports for Women.

RIDING.

The woman who can afford to keep a horse, treats herself to a very great deal of pleasure, and a most healthful exercise. But a horse requires careful selection, a long pocket-book, and constant attention, necessitating outside expense, which goes far beyond the means of most women. However, supposing that the necessary funds are plenty, and the limits of selection only bounded by good taste and good sense, and mademoiselle's weight and build, we must confess, selecting a horse, when a knowing vet hovers near to guard against fraud, is a pleasant task. Having got him just tall enough, just strong enough, just fiery enough for the bold, just steady enough for the timid, handsome enough not to be criticised, and thoroughbred enough to be proud of, let us mount mademoiselle, in her modist short habit, with her safety stirrup, on which she must press with the ball of her foot, not the instep, her trim chimney pot or neat Derby hat, her smooth, plain postillion basque, opening at the neck, over a spotless *pique* dickey, her easy fitting cherrette or chamois gauntlets, and her dapper and ticklesome riding whip. Isn't she a picture? She has taken her mounting spring with lightness and judgment, and after a moment's prinking and arranging of her habit, and a sort of airy settling down, she sits fairly in the middle of her horse's back, rises squarely to the trot, has the firm yet sympathetic hand on the reins, and causes a glow of admiration in the heart of the male creature, be he sweetheart, father, friend, brother or groom who rides in her company. She will not pull on her horse's mouth, be it ever so callous, nor hold her reins high, nor hang the left leg back, and thrust the right foot forward, but will ride without any apparent muscular effort or rigidity, displaying instead that lissome ease which only comes with perfect practice and confidence. For health, there is nothing to be compared to the early morning ride. After the hasty bath and rub, the cup of milk for her whom it suits, or the dainty draft of hot beef tea, with a scrap of toast or cracker. Let us come briskly to the mounting place, where, if you are an old hand, my dear, you will hop into your saddle as independently as your sister does on her wheel. If not your mount must be accomplished carefully, lightly, and neatly, sparing as much of your weight as you can from the helping hand which aids you. I take it for granted that you know your horse well, every true *equestrienne* does, and that there is a sort of *bon comaradie* between you, that you are in fact a sort of mutual admiration society, kind to each other's weaknesses, and proud of each other's strength. A horse has to be pretty low down when he doesn't inspire respect and affection in the dainty burden he carries so proudly, and a rider misses more than half of her possible pleasure when she is not *en rapport* with her steed. Mademoiselle must know how to hold her reins either in one hand or both, the latter is the more fashionable fancy just now, she must keep her wits about her, be decided, gentle, kind, and careful, and though her mind is not as free as her cycling sisters, for she has two wills to reconcile, and various outside emergencies to be prepared for, still her possibilities of enjoyment if not more complete are more ambitious. From the trot to the canter, from the canter to the gallop, rises the mercury of delight, and when she comes home, radiant, hungry, bright-eyed, and slipping lightly and deftly to the ground, pauses for one moment's caress of her brown-eyed treasure, truly one might journey far and miss so fair a sight!

Grace E. Denison.

Culinary.

"Every thing great is composed of many things that are small."—Latin Proverb.

Italian Tutti Frutti.—For this you should have two freezers; the mixture for one should be an ordinary lemon water-ice; the mixture in the second, a raspberry or strawberry ice. Both these recipes you will find in my cook book. To the lemon ice, after it is frozen, add the following mixture:

A quarter of a pound of candied French cherries, two ounces of pineapple candied, two apricots chopped fine, and two green gages. If these fruits are a little hard and dry, prepare them before you make the water-ice, that is, chop them, put them in a bowl and cover them with orange juice, so that after the water-ice is frozen very hard, you simply stir the fruit in; turn the freezer until the mass is again frozen, and pack it at once in the mold, or the little paper cases ready for serving.

Now, to the strawberry ice, simply add white grapes cut in halves. The better way is to have these two mixtures just ready at serving time, and serve both in the same little case or fancy dish. You cannot pack them and put them away without spoiling the fruit.

Bread Sticks.—Scald one pint of milk; add to it while hot, two ounces of butter; when the milk is lukewarm, add a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of sugar, and a half yeast cake dissolved in a quarter of a cup of lukewarm water. Now add sufficient flour to make a batter; beat thoroughly, and stand aside over night. In the morning, add the well-beaten white of one egg and flour to make a soft dough; knead thoroughly until the dough is entirely free from stickiness, but is still soft; stand it aside again until it doubles its bulk; then take it out carefully on the board, take off a small portion sufficient for one stick, roll it out in a long roll the shape of a bread stick. Place it in a greased pan, and so continue until the dough is all made up; do not allow the sticks to touch each other. Stand this aside for about twenty minutes, or until they are light. Beat the white of one egg with two tablespoonfuls of milk; brush the sticks over with this mixture; bake in a quick oven about ten minutes. They must be light in color; thoroughly bake until they are hard on the outside.

Apple Tart.—There is an old-fashioned apple pudding made in this way called "Bird's Nest Pudding." I presume this is what our correspondent means. However, the same recipe could be used using simply bread batter with the apples.

Take it in the morning after the first kneading, that is, before it is put back into the pan to get light; you will find the sponge will make a much better pudding than the kneaded dough. Simply put a layer of the sponge in the bottom of the greased pan, then put your apples on this with sugar and cloves; then over this pour another thin layer of bread sponge and another layer of apples. With ordinary bread sponge I have always found the pudding better to have the upper layer apples; when you use the batter made from eggs, milk and baking powder, it is better to have the upper layer batter.

Almond Icing.—Rub together one pound of powdered sugar and one-half pound ground almonds, and mix it all to a smooth paste with two whole eggs; roll it out (using a little rice flour to prevent its sticking), and place it on the cake, spreading it smoothly with a broad bladed, or a palette knife. Lay a piece of white paper over it to keep off the dust, and put it aside to let the icing dry thoroughly. This will take from twelve to twenty-four hours, according to the thickness of the layer. The above is the recipe of a practical working confectioner.

Plum Cake.—Beat one-half pound of butter to a cream, and work it into one-half pound of sugar; mix in the yolks of two eggs, and add gradually to this one and one-half pounds of self-raising flour (I find Combe's Eureka the most satisfactory) previously mixed with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Make it into a lithe dough with a little water, then work in thoroughly one-half pound of stoned, picked, and dried raisins, and one-quarter pound of finely shred candied peel. When this is all thoroughly amalgamated, work in lightly the whites of the two eggs whipped to a stiff froth, and pour the mixture at once into papered tins, filling these about three-quarters full, and bake for an hour; turn out the cakes and let them cool down on a pastry rack or a sieve reversed.

Correspondence.

The correspondence columns are open to all readers of the Ladies Pictorial Weekly. *Questions relating to fashions, etiquette, literature or any subject of interest to our readers can be sent in for reply. Address correspondence editor in care of this paper.*

Minnie Gearing.—The prize list will be published.

Richard Ashton.—I am much obliged for your hints as to the books for girls to read. Your list is most excellent.

Mary Dartmouth.—I have left the statement with the proper authorities and I dare say the matter is now being looked into.

Jean Ingelow.—The poem you mention could not be had in separate form. It is only short, and is to be found in the collected poems of the author—costs about $2.00.

Margery.—1. Certainly you could have it in the church. I should think you would rather do so. 2. You can wear traveling dress and hat, but not *gauntlette* gloves. A cheap pair of white or lavender would do—white for choice. 3. The bride gets her own gloves and the bridesmaids get theirs. The only thing the groom does is to pay for the ring, fee the minister and give bouquets to bride and groomsmen. Sometimes he gives a souvenir pin or ring.

Lillian.—1. It certainly hurts the hair to braid or tie it very tightly. I should think it would also be very uncomfortable for sleeping. 2. Yes, it does, and it is not good for it. Brushing, if done properly, will much improve its appearance, making it glossy and silky. You must brush lightly and carefully, and don't irritate the scalp. Do you ever massage your scalp, that is, press and knead it with your fingers? When the hair is split the natural oil, which circulates up and down the hollow hair, is wasted, and dries up, the hair fades, and the burnt look comes upon the ends. The only thing to do is to cut off the split end and it will come all right. A split hair won't grow, but after the ends are carefully clipped it will. Don't put oil on until you have tried brushing the scalp gently for half an hour every day for a week, that will probably give it oil enough. I am glad always to answer your questions.

Dora.—You had no right to be annoyed. When a person comes to you, in good faith, and asks for advice, it is a compliment, and you should take it as such, and give the matter in question your best consideration. Remember, we are not in this world to think only of ourselves, but to help our neighbors. I know one is sometimes liable to be pestered, if one is too good-hearted, but I don't believe that is your case. In some cases I don't think you should give advice at all, but they are rare. In this, when a poor motherless girl came to you, I think it was scarcely womanly to refuse her your help. Forgive my plain speaking, but I don't think you realize that you were so selfish or unkind.

Prof. Wickle's Prize Graphological Examination.

Special Notice.

The Ideal Wife Prize Examination closed on Dec. 15th. We shall continue to publish in this column the delineation of the different specimens of handwriting sent in for the Prize Competition until they have been completed.

Delineations.

472 This is a rather quiet, conservative woman. She will be a careful manager, a patient mother and a faithful wife. Her opinions are very set, and her will is of iron. She has sympathy, but is not at all demonstrative. Some love for art, but her taste is rather crude and unformed.

473 Here is a very winning lady, mirthful and full of quaint ways. She loves company, and is always foremost in all sorts of fun, her energy and ambition are strong, and her tact perfect. She is rather vain and fond of admiration, and her fancies are fickle as the wind.

474 Artistic perception, intuitive judgment, sequence of ideas, originality, sincerity, great interest in the opposite sex, love of approbation, attention to detail, self assertion, and egotism are the features of this writing.

475 This specimen indicates a warm and generous nature, liberality of mind, constancy of affection, conscientiousness, love of material enjoyment, deductive judgment, penetration, extreme caution, and a steady will, which can sometimes be persistent. The lady is full of energy.

Boquets.

You all know how to make the common boquets I suppose. These may be "side" boquets, for brackets or shelves, and are made by using tall flowers at the back, usually with green, then grading down until low in front. They may be "round" for stands or tables, and then they are tall in the centre growing lower all around. Or they are to be carried in the hands, when they are flat on top, or gently curving, with a border about the edge. The last is usually "set," or made of certain flowers, arranged in a certain way. The two former are usually of mixed flowers,, and the maker uses her own taste in its arrangement. Now, hand boquets are oftenest just a careless bunch of one kind of blossoms, not tied or fastened in any way, unless it be by a bow of ribbon.

But by far the prettiest way to use flowers for home decorating purposes, the table, or for gifts, is to arrange them in baskets or in a tin form, either of which may be procured of a florist. Of course, for baskets, one can line them with tin foil and fill with wet sand, but a nicer way is to fill with sphagnum moss. The flowers are then wired to tooth-picks broken in half, with about two inches of fine wire. The toothpicks may be kept prepared, as they are in greenerys, by taking leisure moments to wrap, one end of the wires about the broken tooth-picks. Then it requires but a short time to fasten the cut flowers. After being wired the bits of wood are used as the stem of the blossom, and inserted in the wet moss.

A set design may be used or not, as preferred. When pansies or other large flowers are used, it is best to first cover the basket or form with sweet allyssum or candy-tuft, then putting the flowers intended to show, over these. A pretty basket is formed by putting about the edge small sprays of asparagus or scented leaves, then a two-inch row of white verbena, the center of plush verbena and a little green strewed through all. When one wishes to use many kinds of flowers, a set border may be made by alternating two kinds in one or two rows, then filling the center as one's taste may direct, letting some of the smaller or slender stemmed blossoms stand above the others, and interspersing green always.

Where forms are used, one had best ask the florist's advice about colors. Some may be made of all kinds of flowers while others would be spoiled by such treatment. The flowers are used the same as in baskets.

After they are made, put in ice until required for use.

Some one with plenty of flowers may be able to earn quite a pretty sum of money by paying a little attention to the making of boquets for sale; indeed many have earned money in this way.

Color Combinations.

The following general rules for color decoration will prove of help to our readers in arranging costumes, room furnishings, etc., and for the merchant wishing to have handsomely dressed windows. The arrangement of colors in these artistic days is full of importance to all, and when shades are as numerous and beautiful as they are nowadays, there seems to be no excuse for crude combinations of coloring.

Tan and dark blue, black and scarlet, yellow and brown are all effective combinations.

Red and violet do not accord well.

Orange and yellow accord incomparably better than red and orange.

Orange and green do not accord well.

Orange and violet accord passably.

Yellow and green form an agreeable combination.

Greenish yellow and violet blend nicely.

The arrangement of yellow and blue is more agreeable that that of yellow and green, but it is less lively.

Green and blue produce an indifferent effect, but better when the colors are deep.

Green and violet, especially when light, form a combination preferable to green and blue.

Orange yellow, when placed by the side of indigo, increases its intensity, and *vice versa*.

Red and green intensify each other.

Yellow and indigo combine perfectly.

Red and orange do not accord well.

Red and yellow accord pretty well, especially if the red is a purple red, rather than a scarlet, and the yellow rather greenish than orange.

Red and blue accord passably, especially if the red incline rather to scarlet than crimson.

Blue and violet accord badly.

When two colors accord badly together, it is always advantageous to separate them by white.

Black velvet never produces a bad effect when it is associated with two luminous colors.

Black and white sensibly modify bright colors.

While gray never exactly produces a bad effect in its association with two luminous colors, yet in most cases its assortments are dull.

Blue, when placed by the side of orange, increases the latter's intensity, and *vice versa*.

Time out of mind, it has been an axiom of artists, and of the dressmaker that green and blue in conjunction are abhorrent to every principle of good taste, and really an impossible combination. Hence, many persons are shocked to be told, as they are in some of the latest European costume advices, that blue and green mixtures are coming in.

We may stop a minute to look into this matter. What is the reason, on abstract principles or by the example of Dame Nature, or in the traditions of fabrics, for this feeling that the union of green and blue is an artistic outrage? We all know that colors fall under two groups, the blues and the yellows. Now it is impossible for any gradation to be made from one to the other without getting a green. The minute that any yellow is put into a blue, we get a green, and *vice versa*, we cannot temper a yellow with any blue without immediately producing a green.

But without enlarging on the abstract principle, if we turn to the scheme of color in nature, the principle objects in nature are are the sky and the landscape, that is blue and green. And of the landscape the two principal objects are land and water, that is again blue and green. Nor can it be said that these two must be blended by atmospheric tones to be agreeable. What is more charming than lie on one's back in a meadow, and look up at the dazzling blue sky through the vivid green foliage of an orchard in the spring, or to see a forest line sharply defined against the sky? What is more beautiful than a meadow of intense green sinking into a lake of most dazzling blue?

But the critic says, and very justly, that many things are beautiful in nature which cannot be reproduced by art; that there are certain elements in the landscape which harmonize colors that on a canvas or in a dress would be too violent for beauty. But how about the Scotch plaid, one of the most effective combinations in all fabrics, where dark blues and greens are mixed most successfully?

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

Good Intentions.

How often in this busy world of ours do we hear people speak of their *good intentions*? We are always intending and never doing. I once heard a lady say, "well, I fully intended to make more clothes for that poor orphan that lived with me, but somehow I neglected her, but I didn't intend to." After a kind, loving mother is laid to rest, we will many times hear children say as the tears gush down their cheeks, "Oh, I ought to have obeyed mother better, I should have been more thoughtful of her, but I did intend to do better, while she was living." Alas! it is too late now, all our good intentions are of no avail if we do not act some in the living present. How sincerely I wish we would all remember the old adage that "the road to evil is paved with good intentions," and not only intend to but to do things.

"How did you amuse yourself while you had the whooping-cough?" asked Uncle Jack. "We played Indian," answered Bobby, "and we could give splendid war-whoops."

A SARATOGA CO. MIRACLE.

HELPLESS FOR YEARS AND EXCLUDED FROM HOSPITALS AS INCURABLE.

The Remarkable Experience of Charles Quant, as Investigated by an Albany, N.Y., Journal Reporter---A Story of Surpassing Interest.

Albany, N.Y., Journal.

For sometime past there have been reports here and elsewhere in Saratoga county of a most remarkable—indeed, so remarkable as to be miraculous—cure of a most severe case of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis, simply by the use of a popular remedy known as "Pink Pills for Pale People," prepared and put up by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Morristown, N.Y. and Brockville, Ont. The story was to the effect that Mr. Chas. A. Quant, of Galway, who for the last six or eight years has been a great sufferer from creeping paralysis and its attendant ills, and who had become utterly powerless of all self-help, had, by the use of a few boxes of the Pink Pills for Pale People, been so fully restored to health as to be able to walk about the street without the aid of crutches. The fame of this wonderful, miraculous cure was so great that the *Evening Journal* reporter thought it worth his while to go to Galway to call on Mr. Quant, to learn from his lips, and from the observation and testimony of his neighbors, if his alleged cure was a fact or only an unfounded rumor. And so, he drove to Galway and spent a day and a night there in visiting Mr. Quant, getting his story and interviewing his neighbors and fellow-townsmen. It may be proper to say that Galway is a pretty little village of about 400 people, delightfully located near the centre of the township of Galway, in Saratoga county, and about seventeen miles from Saratoga Springs. Upon enquiry, the residence of Mr. Chas. A Quant was easily found, for everybody seemed to know him, speak well of him and to be overflowing with surprise and satisfaction at his wonderful cure and restoration to the activities of enterprising citizenship, for Mr. Quant was born in Galway and spent most of his life there. Mr. Quant was found at his pretty home, on a pleasant street nearly opposite the Academy. In response to a knock at the door, it was opened by a man who, in reply to an inquiry if Mr. Quant lived there and was at home, said: "I am Mr. Quant. Will you come in?" After a little general and preliminary conversation and after he had been apprised of the object for which the *Journal* reporter had called upon him, he, at request, told the story of himself and of his sickness and terrible sufferings, and of the ineffectual treatment he had had, and of his final cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and cheerfully gave assent to its use for publication. He said: "My name is Charles A. Quant. I am thirty-seven years old. I was born in the village of Galway, and, excepting while traveling on business and a little while in Amsterdam, have spent my whole life here. My wife is a native of Ontario. Up to about eight years ago I had never been sick and was then in perfect health. I was fully six feet tall, weighed 180 pounds and was very strong. For twelve years I was a traveling salesman for a piano and organ company, and had to do, or at least did do, a great deal of heavy lifting, got my meals very irregularly and slept in enough 'spare beds' in country houses to freeze an ordinary man to death, or at least give him the rheumatism. About eight years ago I began to feel distress in my stomach and consulted several doctors about it. They all said it was dyspepsia, and for dyspepsia I was treated by various doctors in different places, and took all the patent medicines I could hear of that claimed to be a cure for dyspepsia. But I continued to grow gradually worse for four years. Then I began to have a pain in my back and legs, and became conscious that my legs were getting weak and my step unsteady, and then I staggered when I walked. Having received no benefit from the use of patent medicines, and feeling that I was constantly growing worse, I then, upon advice, began the use of electric belts, pads and all the many different kinds of electric appliances I could hear of, and spent hundreds of dollars for them, but they did me no good. (Here Mr. Quant showed the *Journal* reporter an electric suit of underwear for which he paid $124.) In the fall of 1888 the doctors advised a change of climate, so I went to Atlanta, Ga., and acted as agent for the Estey Organ Co. While there I took a thorough electric treatment, but it only seemed to aggravate my disease, and the only relief I could get from the sharp and distressing pains was to take morphine. The pain was so intense at times, that it seemed as though I could not stand it, and I almost longed for death as the only certain relief. In September of 1888 my legs gave out entirely and my left eye was drawn to one side, so that I had double sight and was dizzy. My trouble so effected my nervous system that I had to give up business. Then I returned to New York and went to the Roosevelt hospital, where, for four months, I was treated by specialists and they pronounced my case locomotor ataxia and incurable. After I had been under treatment by Prof. Starr and Dr. Ware for four months, they told me they had done all they could for me. Then I went to the New York Hospital, on Fifteenth street, where, upon examination, they said I was incurable, and would not take me in. At the Presbyterian hospital they examined me, and told me the same thing. In March, 1890, I was taken to St. Peter's hospital in Albany, where Prof. H. H. Hun frankly told my wife my case was helpless; that he could do nothing for me and that she had better take me home and save my money. But I wanted to make a trial of Prof. Hun's famous skill and I remained under his treatment for nine weeks, but secured no benefit. All this time I had been growing worse, I had become entirely paralyzed from my waist down and had partially lost control of my hands. The pain was terrible; my legs felt as though they were freezing and my stomach would not retain food, and I fell away to 120 pounds. In the Albany hospital they put seventeen big burns on my back one day, with red hot irons, and after a few days they put fourteen more burns on, and treated me with electricity, but got worse rather than better; lost control of my bowels and water, and, upon advice of the doctor, who said there was no hope for me, I was brought home, where it was thought death would soon come to relieve me of my sufferings. Last September, while in this helpless and suffering condition, a friend of mine in Hamilton, Ont., called my attention to the statement of one John Marshall, whose case had been similar to my own, and who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

In this case, Mr. Marshall, who is a prominent member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, had, after four years of constant treatment by the most eminent Canadian physicians, been pronounced incurable, and was paid the $1,000 total disability claim allowed by the order in such cases. Some months after Mr. Marshall began a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and, after taking some fifteen boxes, was fully restored to health.

"I thought I would try them and my wife sent for two boxes of the Pills, and I took them according to the directions given on the wrapper on each box. For the first few days the cold baths were pretty severe, as I was so weak, but I continued to follow the instructions as to taking the Pills and treatment, and even before I had used up the two boxes of Pills I began to feel beneficial effects from them. My pains were not so bad; I felt warmer; my food began to relish and agree with me; I could straighten up; the feeling began to come back into my limbs; I began to be able to get about on crutches; my eye came back again as good as ever, and now, after the use of eight boxes of the pills—at a cost of only $4.00—see! I can, with the help of a cane only, walk all about the house and yard, can saw wood, and, on pleasant days, I walk down town. My stomach trouble is gone, I have gained ten pounds, I feel like a new man and when the spring opens I expect to be able to renew my organ and piano agency. I cannot speak in too high terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as I know they saved my life after the doctors had given me up as incurable."

Other people of Galway, seeing the wonderful cure of Mr. Quant by the Pink Pills for Pale People, are using them. Frederick Sexton, a sufferer from rheumatism, said he was finding great benefit from their use, and Mr. Schultz, who had suffered from chronic dysentery for years, said he had taken two boxes of the Pills and was already cured.

Mr. Quant has also tried Faith cure, with perts of that treatment in Albany and Greenville, S.C., but with no beneficial results.

A number of the more prominent citizens of Galway, as Rev. C. E. Herbert, of the Presbyterian Church; Prof. James E. Kelly, principal of the Academy; John P. and Harvey Crouch, and Frank and Edward Willard, merchants, and many others to whom Mr. Quant and his so miraculous cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, are well known, were pleased to have the opportunity of bearing testimony to the high character of Mr. Quant, and of verifying the story of his recovery from the terrible affliction from which he had for so long a time been a sufferer.

Truly, the duty of the physician is not to save life, but to heal disease.

The remarkable result from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the case of Mr. Quant, induced the reporter to make further inquiries concerning them, and he ascertained that they were not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is generally used, but a highly scientific preparation, the result of years of study and careful experiment. They have no rival as a blood builder and nerve restorer and have met with unparalleled success in the treatment of such diseases as paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus's dance, palpitation of the heart, that tired feeling which affects so many and all diseases depending upon a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they affect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

On further inquiry the writer found that these Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. and Morristown, N.Y. and are sold in boxes (never in bulk by the hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., from either addresses. The price at which these Pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies, or medical treatment.

Self Protection

Mrs Newed—The cook got drunk last night.

Mr Newed—Did she smash anything?

Mrs Newed—No.

Mr Newed—Well, it seems to me it would be a good idea to keep her drunk all the time.

NEW MUSIC.—THE ELITE SONG FOLIO, containing the finest songs of the day; every piece a gem. Full lithographed work, handsomely bound in paper cover, 75 cents; in half cloth, 90 cents; in boards, $1.25; in full cloth, $1.50; by post 10 cents extra. Everything in the music and musical instrument line. Send for catalogue.
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Gentleman's Ireland's Shaving Bar. One of the leading soaps of England. It removes all blemishes, wrinkles and freckles, softens the skin and produces a clear and healthy complexion. Sold by all druggists. 272 Church street, Toronto.
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Goitre OR THICK NECK. I have a positive, Cleanly, Harmless Cure. Come if you can, or write me at 28 Livingstone St., Cleveland, O. DR. J. CASKEY.
It is no Iodine smear. Cure made Permanent.
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Lady Agents Wanted. Special inducements now. Good pay weekly. Experience unnecessary. Pleasant light work. Can devote all or part time. Terms and outfit free. Brown Bros. Co., Toronto.
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MARRIAGE PAPER FREE. Nearly 500 ladies and gents want correspondents
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SILK SATIN and PLUSH REMNANTS for Crazy Patch. A large pkg. pretty pieces, assorted colors, 10c; 3 pkgs. 25c. A large pkg., all colors, embroidery silk, 20c. Sheet of crazy stitches and 32 p. cat. of fancy work with every order. Canada currency, silver or stamps taken. LADIES' ART CO., Box 554, St. Louis, Mo. 18-1yr
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WHY? Should false modesty prevent sufferers from obtaining relief? PILES can be cured privately and permanently. EUREKA PILE CURE does it! Thousands of those who have tried it say so. Write for testimonials and read what they say. Don't wait, write to-day. Price 50c and $1, post paid. Address W. A. NESBITT, 101 Bay street, Toronto, Ont. 18-1y

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FILL YOUR OWN TEETH

With DR. TRUMAN'S CRYSTALINE. It cures TOOTHACHE, it arrests DECAY, it lasts a LIFETIME. You can fill your own teeth easily, quickly, and without pain. $1.00 per package. Will fill from six to twelve cavities. Sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price. Circular free.
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In order to introduce our
Inhalation - Treatment
We will cure cases of
CATARRH
Free of all charge. All that we ask in return is that each patient, when cured, will recommend the treatment to other sufferers. For free cure apply without delay. We have hundreds of testimonials from all parts of Canada. In no form of disease is the wonderful potency of Medical Inhalation better seen than in the treatment of Catarrh. By means of the
GERMICIDE INHALER
We send the proper medicinal agents directly to the seat of the disease, destroying in a short time all ulceration and inflammation. Under its influence the irritated surface is soothed and healed, and the discharge rapidly diminishes. This seems too good to be true, but true it is, as hundreds in all parts of Canada can testify. What more rational method can there be of reaching and healing the diseased air-passages than by the use of the proper medical and chemical substances inhaled into the cavities. Those who prefer to write to some of the patients who have been cured can correspond with the following: Rev. J. S. Norris (late of Toronto), now pastor of First Congregational Church, Parkersburg, Iowa; Mr. Douglass, conductor, 11 Ontario street, Toronto; Mr. T. Mills, 29 Christopher street, Toronto; Mr. W. Fever, surveyor, 800 Seaton street, Toronto; Mr. J. A. McNair, Schau, Ont. Enclose a three cent stamp for reply. In the past two years we have treated over 300 cases of Catarrh free of all charge. It has paid us well. Neighbor tells neighbor, and friend tells friend of our success. If you have Catarrh do not fail to call or write. Address:
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Costumes at the Horse Show.

On page 297 will be found some additional sketches of costumes worn at the Horse Show. No. 1 was in dark blue cloth, the jacket being cut away in a novel manner, and the blue color relieved by gold braiding. No. 2 was also in dark blue, with light satin waistcoat and was a very stylish tailor-made gown. No. 3 was in light grey cloth, with the long jacket, while the waistcoat was of dark slate colored velvet, forming a very pretty contrast against the grey. No. 4 was in dark brown cloth with large loose flecks of a dark brown all over the dress. No. 5 was a more elaborate costume, the blouse, elbow sleeves and pleated epaulettes being in grey crepon silk, as were also the jabot and neck-band. The wrists and scarf were in deep heliotrope bengaline silk and the frillings were in embroidered lisse. No. 6 was in pale grey, bands of darker grey velvet and trimmed with passementerie.

"The play last night wasn't realistic enough for me."

"What was the trouble?"

"You know that chap who was killed in the third act?"

"Yes."

"Well, I saw him on the street this morning."

ELSEWHERE in this issue we publish the particulars of a remarkable cure that fairly outrivals the celebrated case of John Marshall, of Hamilton, which created such a sensation throughout the country. The particulars of the case are vouched for by the Albany *Evening Journal*, recognized as the leading newspaper at the New York State capital and one of the leading papers of the United States. There is, therefore, no room to doubt that the particulars of the case are accurately and carefully set forth, in every respect true and must, therefore, prove of the deepest interest to our readers. We, therefore, commend the article to their careful perusal.

It was at a ball and the subject under discussion was vanity. A lady maintained that men men also were given somewhat to vanity.

"The men are ten times more vain than the ladies," she remarked.

"That's utterly impossible," said several gentlemen.

The subject was changed and a few minutes later the lady remarked:

"The handsomest man in the room has a spot on his white vest," whereupon every gentleman within hearing glanced down with a scared expression of countenance at his vest.

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New Tailor System
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Square Measurement.

The leading system of the day. Drafts direct on the material without use of paper or patterns. Covers the entire range of work. Easy to learn, or can be taught thoroughly by mail. Send for illustrated circular. Large inducements to agents,

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—FOR—
Nervousness!
General Debility, that tired feeling, and all Female Complaints are cured by
Golden Herbene Gems
In a very short time. A harmless vegetable cure too. No calomel; no poison.
A GOOD SIZED TRIAL PACKAGE SENT FOR TEN CENTS.
75 doses for 50 cents, 200 doses for $1.00. Postpaid on receipt of price.
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I CURE FITS!
When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give EXPRESS and POST-OFFICE.
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Medicine for
Ladies
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ACTS WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. SAFE AND EFFECTUAL. FOR SALE IN $1 BOXES BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS OR SENT BY SEALED MAIL DIRECT.
ADDRESS CARL KAHN, 121 Sussex St. TORONTO, CAN.
NONE OTHER GENUINE

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HAD 53 BOILS.

SUFFERED SEVERELY.

MR. H. M. LOCKWOOD, of Lindsay, Ont., whose portrait is shown above, is a well known Railway employee, and has lived in Lindsay for the past three years.

Mr. Lockwood was born and brought up in Hastings County, where he has many friends who will be glad to hear of his recovery from the trying complaint which afflicted him so severely. Mr. Lockwood writes as follows:

"I was terribly afflicted with boils, having no less than 53 in eight months, during that time I tried many remedies without relief, Doctors' medicine did not relieve me, in fact I could not get rid of them at all until I began using B.B.B. It completely cured me, and I have not had a boil since taking the first bottle. I write this to induce those afflicted with boils to try B.B.B. and get cured, for I am confident that but for Burdock Blood Bitters I would still have had those terrible boils, which shows plainly the complete blood cleansing properties of this medicine, because everything else that I tried failed.

A friend of mine who also suffered from boils, took one bottle by my advice and thanks to B.B.B. his boils all disappeared."

Yours truly,
H. M. LOCKWOOD,
Lindsay, Ont.

—WHAT—
EVERYONE - IS - LOOKING - FOR
Is a good Piano or Organ at a moderate price and on easy terms of payment.

WE CAN FURNISH
Just such a desideratum, and from two sources of supply. First of all we have generally on hand a varied stock of

STEINWAY, CHICKERING, FISCHER, HARDMAN,
And other Pianos, taken in part payment on new instruments of our own make. They are in good order, and can be sold at prices from $100 to $200, on terms of $5 to $8 per month.

KARN, BELL, MASON & HAMLIN,
And other Organs in fair order at from $50 to $90 —all slightly used.

Our Second Source of Supply
Is in our famous
MASON & RISCH STYLE "A"
Upright Solid Walnut Pianos—7 1-3 Octave—our regular selling price for which is $350, with stool and cover, but we will make a special reduction to anyone mentioning this paper.

OUR $90.00 CORNWALL ORGAN,
Style 191, at $5 per month, is creating a sensation. It is an 11-Stop Organ, with four sets of reeds, solid case, 6 feet high, with plate glass mirrors, and is offered at this special price for two months in order to introduce this beautiful new design.

☞More expensive goods always on hand to suit customers who desire special instruments.

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Send circumference in line with Rupture, your Height, Weight, Sex, Age, which Side.

If Rupture descends, send **$7.00** for Single; **$10.00** for Double. If it does not descend, send **$5.00** for Single, or **$8.00** for Double.

State nearest size (Pigeon, Hen or Goose Egg), also which side is largest.

Infants' Trusses.—Get two at one time. Change every two days. Should be cured in six weeks.

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Small, - -	$2.50
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Double, one-third more. Send price. By return mail goods are sent prepaid and registered, with a 5-year guarantee and privilege to exchange, if not soiled.

This is Cheap for strictly First-Class Goods.

You can also have Hard Rubber, Celluloid and Leather Spring Trusses, cheaper than anywhere. Sent by mail.

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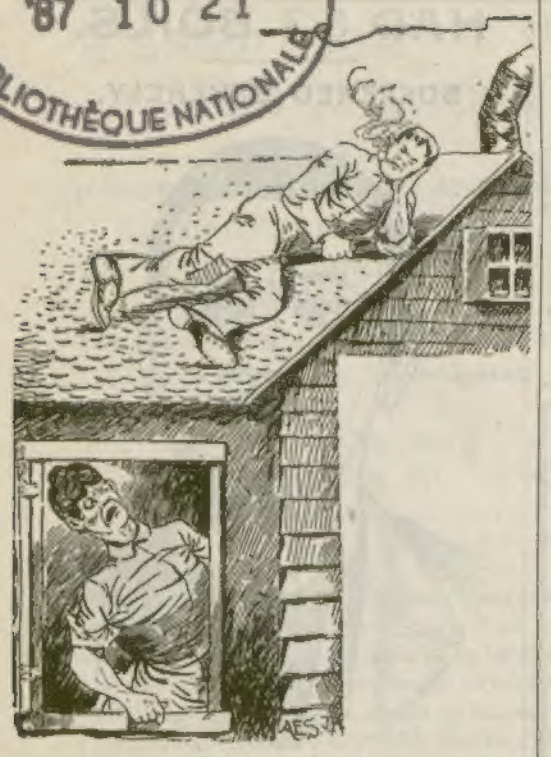

WANTED TIME.

MRS. DOOLEY—James, are you fixing that chimney?

JAMES—Yes, mother; wait until it stops smoking.

[DASHAWAY—Any one rooming with you now?

TRAVERS—Yes; my tailor.

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PIANO-FORTES.

These instruments have been before the public for nearly forty years, and upon their excellence alone have attained an

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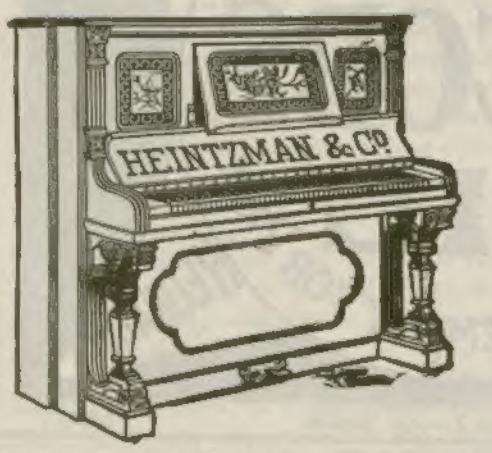

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ROYAL CANADIAN
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Elegant Envelope Sachets (4¾ x 3¾ inches) 15 cents each or two for 25 cents. If not procurable in your locality will be mailed, post free, on receipt of price.

HAIR! NO HAIR!

LADIES WHO ARE ANNOYED WITH HAIR on their Face, Neck and Arms have a simple and perfectly harmless method for removing by using

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The Best, the Safest, and the Quickest Depilatory ever known.

All superfluous hair, down or beard, is infallibly eradicated without producing the least sensation, leaving no trace whatever on the skin.

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(Agents for Meyer, Chemiste de Paris.)
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Mention the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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